

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

MARCH 23, 1959

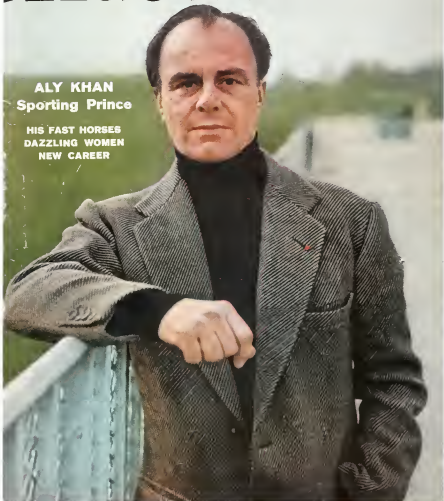
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Canada's resort life is dedicated to those tonic summer pleasures—golf, swimming, fishing and the other delights of pure leisure. The climate is superb—dry, moderate, exhilarating. All this naturally whets visiting appetites, a situation cleverly exploited by resort kitchens where distinctively Canadian dishes and a profusion of the season's

freshly grown (or caught) edibles make every meal an occasion. No wonder so many visitors become perennial summer residents. They find Canada a most happy place for a holiday. For more information on Canada's resorts, write to the Director. Final word: bookings should be made early.



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THE STICKIEST WICKET



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Cover: Aly Khan ►

Looking out from this week's cover is one of the most dedicated men in the diversified world of sport. For the beginning of a perceptive two-part portrait of him see page 69.

Photograph by Jerry Condo

Next week



► Tommy Armour, golf's great teaching and playing pro and its bestselling writer, explains in the first of four lessons how to play a golf course instead of letting it play you.

► From Sebring, Florida, Ken Rudeen sends a firsthand report of the premier U.S. sports car race—the 12-hour Grand Prix of Endurance.

► Intercollegiate boxing has all but died. Some think this is good; others say that it's a shame. Martin Kane explores the entire situation and offers the arguments pro and con.

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MEMO from the publisher

On this day in his middle age Bill was in possession of almost everything a man could reasonably want. He had his health, the respect and companionship of his friends, a head for business which had made him a million dollars—and an afternoon free for golf.

But there was Bill at the club, grimly stuffing the contents of his locker into a bag—cap, shirts, slacks, socks, the works. At this ominous juncture who should happen by but Tommy Armour.

In the ensuing conversation it turned out that Bill had had it. He was disgusted with his game and the game. He was through forever. This was the end.

But Bill made one mistake. He asked Armour, "What's wrong with me and my golf?"

"You are practically brainless when you get a golf club in your hands, that's all." And with a little more appellation of the famous Armour needle Bill was shortly out on the first tee, paired with Tommy against Ed and Jim. By agreement Bill was to do his own hitting while Tommy did the thinking.

The rest is history.

Next week, in the first of a four-part series condensed from the forthcoming book, *A Round of Golf with Tommy Armour*, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED begins to recount the history.

It does not detract from the narrative suspense of this remarkable afternoon to say that Bill is now playing more and better golf than ever—and enjoying it.

Nor can it surprise anyone. For Tommy Armour has long been one of golf's finest and most perceptive teachers. As a player he is with Jones, Hagen and Sarazen in the Golden Age. With only four others he shares the distinction of winning both the British and U.S. opens and the PGA. Born, like golf itself, in Scotland, he swung a club as soon as he could hold one—on the course

which adjoined the family property.

Armour's first book, *How to Play Your Best Golf All the Time*, published in 1933, is an instructional classic. *A Round of Golf with Tommy Armour* takes a different approach but will be an equally necessary part of any golf library.

As a start Armour says, "So much of the story has happened to you that you may think you are one of the golfers I'm talking about. And you may be."

Despite the general well-being of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED readers, there is probably a certain disparity between your economic position and Bill's. Otherwise I think most of us will see ourselves somewhere in Armour's foursome. And, like Bill, be better and happier golfers for it.



TOMMY ARMOUR

Harry Phillips

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BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE NCAA

The NCAA road show headed for Louisville and the weekend of decision after a harrowing week of basket bombing took its toll among the favorites. Still left standing were Louisville, Cincinnati, West Virginia and California, and each had a chance to pluck college basketball's sweetest plum.

If ever there was a dark horse it was Louisville, which came into the tournament with a mediocre 16-10 record and proceeded to take apart Eastern Kentucky 77-62 at Lexington, Kentucky 76-61 and

Meanwhile, Jerry West, a smooth-as-silk 6-foot 3-inch rebounder and jump shooter, scored 36 points and pulled legging West Virginia up by its boots to overhaul St. Joseph's 92-90, after the Mountaineers trailed by 18 with 13 minutes to go. The next night West took charge again with 33 points and 17 rebounds, and West Virginia held off hustling Boston U. 86-82.

No. 1-ranked Kansas State warmed up its shooting irons against DePaul 102-79 and figured it knew how to stop Cincinnati's Oscar Robertson, who led the Bears to a 77-73 victory over WCU, in



REBOUND CONFLICT is resolved by St. John's Jackson (24) as Redmen beat St. Bonaventure 82-74 in NIT at New York.



BUSY HANDS meet in mid-air as Tennessee A&J's Satterwhite (40), Werts (41) vie with Youngstown player in NAIA game.

Michigan State 83-81 in the Midwest Regionals at Evanston, Ill. (see page 15). The pesky Cardinals did some early wubbling against Kentucky and Michigan State (a 74-69 winner over Marquette) until Coach Peck Hickman found the right defense; then outside sharpshooters Don Goldstein and John Turner did the rest.

The Eastern Regionals underwent some dizzy-doodling of their own before West Virginia staggered through the upset-stricken field. Navy's quietly confident Ben Carnevale, who counts North Carolina's Frank McGuire among his closest friends, proved friendship is no substitute for victory as his smooth-passing, tight-defending Middles shocked the favored Tar Heels 76-63 in New York. Boston U. edged Connecticut 69-58, and West Virginia clobbered Dartmouth 82-68. The winners moved on to Charlotte, N.C., where Navy lost its touch and was eliminated by Boston U. 62-55 in overtime.

The Midwest Regional final at Lawrence, Kans. But Robertson had other ideas. Finding himself double-teamed, Oscar turned feeder, passed off for 13 baskets, and Cincinnati won 85-73.

At San Francisco California's clinging man-to-man defense, the best in the nation, harried lumbering Utah into defeat 71-53 and cooled off hot-shooting St. Mary's 68-46 to give the Bears the Far West Regional ticket to Louisville.

THE NET

St. John's and Bradley moved into the semifinals of New York's NIT and waited patiently for the rest of the field to catch up. St. John's, beginning to feel its oats again after a midseason slump, overpowered Villanova 75-67, and was even better against third-seeded St. Bonaventure. The Redmen blushed out the Hornets 82-74 with their rapid offense as sophomore Tony Jackson scored 27 points and



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Jimmy Jemil's HOTBOX



THE QUESTION: *Do you favor legalized off-track betting?*



ESTES KEFAUVER
*U.S. Senator from
Tennessee*

No. Our crime committee report was unanimous in condemning all kinds of gambling as harmful. Bookmaking is associated with pool parlors and other unsavory places. It fosters crime. Restricting gambling, over the long run, is better for the economy of any community.



WILLIAM O'DWYER
*Former mayor of
New York City*

Yes. We permit bookmaking at race tracks. Why be pompous and talk of morals when even our hospitals are inadequate? To get quick money I put a \$1,000 on track mutuels. On my grave there could be the epitaph, "Here lies O'Dwyer, the father of the \$1,000 bite."

continued

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HOTBOX continued



JAMES FARLEY
*Former Professor
General of the U.S.*

Although there are many prominent and sincere citizens who favor legalized off-track betting, I, personally, think it is a mistake. Off-track betting encourages people to bet who now can't afford to go to the race tracks. They are the ones who are hurt most. They can least afford to gamble.



JACK ENTRATTER
*President and general
manager, Sands Hotel
Las Vegas, Nev.*

Yes. People do a lot of off-track betting anyway, and the states get nothing except a lot of headaches trying to suppress it and prevent police officers from being bribed. Many people say off-track betting tempts the poor man to bet his rent money. The Prohibitionists said the same thing about liquor.



AVERELL HARRIMAN
*Former governor of
New York*

No. I have always held that legalizing off-track betting would open the gates to racketeering. In spite of the tempting revenue for the state, off-track betting tends to weaken the moral fiber of a community. It also means an increased possibility that even children will suffer for necessities.



JACOB N. ARVEY
*Former chairman,
Cook County Democratic
Committee
Chicago*

I have been in favor of legalizing off-track betting for 30 years. It gives the little fellow a chance to bet without being crooked or being obliged to pay his way to and into a race track. No matter how rigid state controls may be, it is better than the under-the-table setup which exists in spite of the law.



HUBERT H. HUMPHREY
U.S. Senator from
Minnesota

We don't have that problem in Minnesota, because there are no race tracks and no betting in our state. However, I have always felt that in areas where it is well nigh impossible to stop betting, the betting should be legalized and the revenue realized from the tax on it should be used for humanitarian purposes.



FRANK COSTELLO
Ex-gambler

No. Legalized off-track betting is harmful to any community, and it is particularly bad for poorer people who can't afford to bet. Eventually groups of citizens might ask for laws to close all parks and it would end all racing. Racing is a good sport. I wouldn't want to see it destroyed because of a law.



ROBERT F. WAGNER
Mayor of New York
City

I'm in favor of legalized off-track betting provided a foolproof system is established that will keep out any undesirable elements. Our New York plan does. Legalizing off-track betting will provide the City of New York with additional revenue urgently needed without further burdening the taxpayers.



EDWARD G. BURKE
Horseman and oil
producer
Missis Beach

No. Legalizing off-track betting will ultimately destroy racing. There was a time when betting even at race tracks was stopped by legislation. Fortunately it is legal to bet at most tracks now. It is a great sport, and I would like to see it remain as it is. Legalizing off-track betting is bound to antagonize a lot of people.

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INTERCOLLEGIATE EVENTS

The principal meets in college sports for the spring season

Baseball

JUNE 15-17: National Collegiate Baseball Championships, Omaha

Basketball

MARCH 16-18: National Collegiate University Division Basketball Championships, Louisville and St. Louis, Kentucky

Crew

APRIL 26: Clyde Cup Regatta (Columbia, Pennsylvania, Princeton, New York)
MAY 9: Helms Cup Regatta (Columbia, Pennsylvania, Yale, at Philadelphia)
MAY 2: Green Trophy Regatta, Cornell, Syracuse, Navy, at Ithaca, N.Y.
MAY 8: Adams Cup Regatta, Harvard, Navy, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Md.
MAY 8: Green Cup Regatta, Cornell, Princeton, Yale, at Delhi, Conn.
MAY 10: Edinboro R.R.P. Championships Regatta, 100 yards, at Cambridge, Mass. (boys' weight), at Princeton, N.J.
MAY 10: Worcester vs. Navy, heavyweight, at Worcester, Md.
JUNE 12: Harvard vs. Yale, New London, Conn.

Fencing

MARCH 27-28: National Collegiate Fencing Championships, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis

Golf

MAY 14-16: Big Eight Golf Championships, U. of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla.
MAY 21-23: Mid-American Conference Golf Championships, Miami U., Oxford, Ohio
MAY 22-24: Big Ten Golf Championships, U. of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.
MAY 24-26: National College Golf Championships, U. of Oregon, Eugene, Ore.

Gymnastics

MARCH 27-28: National Collegiate Gymnastics Championships, U. of California, Berkeley, Calif.

Skating

MARCH 26-28: National Collegiate Skating Championships, Winter Park, Colo.

Swimming

MARCH 26-28: National Collegiate Swimming Championships, Cornell U., Ithaca, N.Y.

Tennis

MAY 15-16: Big Eight Tennis Championships, U. of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla.
MAY 21-23: Mid-American Conference Tennis Championships, Miami U., Oxford, Ohio
MAY 22-24: Big Ten Tennis Championships, Michigan State, East Lansing, Mich.
JUNE 6-8: N.A.A. College Division Tennis Tournament, Robinson, Kansas
JUNE 22-24: National Collegiate Tennis Championships, Northwestern U., Evanston, Ill.

Track

MARCH 26: Cleveland Knights of Columbus Track Meet, Cleveland
MARCH 26: Chicago Daily News Relays, Chicago
APRIL 24-25: Penn Relays, Franklin Field, Philadelphia
MAY 15-16: Big Eight Track Championships, U. of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla.
MAY 21-23: Mid-American Conference Track & Field Championships, Miami U., Oxford, Ohio
MAY 22-24: Big Ten Track & Field Championships, U. of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.
MAY 24-26: I.C.A. Track & Field Championships, DeWitt Memorial Stadium, New York
JUNE 6-8: Central Collegiate Track Meet, Missouri University, Columbia
JUNE 6-8: N.A.A. College Division Track & Field Meet, U. of Chicago
JUNE 10-12: National Collegiate Track & Field Championships, U. of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.

Wrestling

MARCH 26-28: National Collegiate Wrestling Championships, U. of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa

snatched 16 rebounds. Top-seeded Bradley went up against alert, ball-hawking Butler, which had distinguished itself by beating Fordham 94-80. But the Peoria Braves had too much know-how once they switched to a zone in the second half and squeaked past Butler's Bulldogs 83-77.

In other first-round games, a merry band of hustlers from Providence fooled the city slickers and came off with a 68-54 victory over Manhattan when John Egan, a dazzling ball-handling sophomore, flipped in a 35-second shot with four seconds to go; NYU played nip and tuck with Deaver until the tremendous rebounding of Tom Sanders and Cal Ramsey wore down the Pioneers, then drew away to win 90-81.

THE SMALL COLLEGES

While the big boys were settling their differences, the little fellows were having it out in the NCAA college division at Evansville, Ind. and in the NAIA tournament at Kansas City.

Resourceful little Evansville set its home town to hopping with early victories over St. Michael's 82-63 and North Carolina A&T in a 110-92 record breaker. And the excitement really bubbled up when Ed Smallwood and Hugh Ahlering, a Korea veteran who couldn't make his high school team but was good enough to win the tournament's most valuable player award, helped the Aces beat Southwest Missouri State 83-67 for their first NCAA title.

Teenage A&I, a fast-breaking band of happy warriors who have made a habit of winning the NAIA championship, took a while to work up steam in some of its games, but bowled over Nebraska Wesleyan 75-57, Youngstown 89-86, Illinois State Normal 131-74 and Southwest Texas State 64-62 on the way to a final showdown with Pacific Lutheran. Down 46-45 at half time, the Sucky Tigers sent their speedsters driving in for layups to break down the Lutes' switching man-to-man and won 97-87 to take their third straight crown. The Tiger with the sharpest claws was Dick Barnett, who scored 26 in the last game and was named the most valuable player.

THE PROS

St. Louis' Bob Pettit parked away six NBA scoring records, including 2,105 points for a season and a 29.2 average, and joined his teammates as they sat back to watch Minneapolis and Detroit knock each other off for the dubious right to meet the first-place Hawks in the Western playoffs. The Lakers won the first game 82-89, but lost the second 117-103.

It took the New York Knicks three years to make the Eastern playoffs and only two games to get themselves knocked out. Syracuse, a Knicks' victim nine straight times earlier in the season, made the most of former Piston George Yardley and old reliable Dolph Schayes to trim New York 129-125, 131-115 and prepared to face Boston in a four-out-of-seven series for the Eastern title.



Treat
your guests
royally

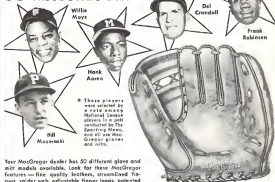
Arrow Creme de Menthe

There's no more regal treat than a delicious Arrow Creme de Menthe frappe... either after dinner or as a casual drink. It adds a touch of luxury and glamour. Also delightful as a highball or over the rocks.



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These five members of the National League All-Star Fielding Team* say GO BIG LEAGUE... GO MACGREGOR!



* These players were selected by a vote among National League players in a poll conducted by The Sporting News, and all use MacGregor gloves and mitts.

Your MacGregor dealer has 50 different gloves and mitt models available. Look for these MacGregor features — fine quality leathers, streamlined flaps, spider web, adjustable finger leaps, patented adjustable wrist (introduced in 1959 by MacGregor), laced fingerflaps, web tie down, catch lace, "Reap" and leather palm lace.

MacGregor gloves and mitts are preferred by the fastest growing list of professional league players in the U. S.

Players mentioned are members of MacGregor Advisory Staff of Champions.

MacGregor
"The Glove of Those Who Play the Game"

THE MACGREGOR CO., Cincinnati 32, Ohio • BASEBALL • FOOTBALL • BASKETBALL • GOLF • TENNIS



"NEW ROAD?" "NO, NEW DE SOTO!"

(Derby Hat): "What a difference!"

(Country Host): "Yep, she rides like this on every road. It's that new De Soto Torsion-Aire ride."

"Seems quieter, too."

"Yes, sir, there isn't a rattle in her anywhere."

"Really a great car, isn't it?"

"Best car I ever owned. The wife loves to drive it."

"Looks expensive."

"Yes, but it's not! And you get all this extra roominess, easier handling, good looks and solid quality. You ought to see your De Soto dealer!"



FIRESTONE ALDOOR HARDTOP SPORTSMAN

Inside and out, the quality of the new De Soto will impress you. So will the reasonable price tag. Choice of engines. Eighteen models to choose from.

The smart way to go places... DE SOTO



DON'T
STIR
WITHOUT
NOILLY
PRAT

NEW
SWEET
!



You'll welcome this sweet new arrival from France—new Noilly Prat Sweet Vermouth! Made from natural French wines, it is somewhat *less sweet* than most sweet vermouths. That's why it makes a wonderful difference in Manhattans. Try sipping it *sole*, too—it's delicious on-the-rocks. By the makers of famous Noilly Prat Extra Dry French Vermouth.

BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U. S. A.

COMING EVENTS

March 20 to March 26

All times are E.S.T.

★ Color television ★ Television ★ Network radio

Friday, March 20

- BASKETBALL**
NBA Tournament, semifinals, Louisville (6:30 a.m., March 21)
- BOXING**
★ Anthony vs. Ray, light heavies, 10 rds., Mad. Sq. Garden, 10 p.m. (NBC)
- FENCING**
NBA champs., Annapolis, Md. (also March 21)
- GYMNASTICS**
NBA champs., Berkeley, Calif. (also March 21)
- HOCKEY** (amateur)
★ E. State Amateur Tourney, Green Bay, Wis. through March 22
Pro. Wice change, Bingham, Mich. through March 22
- SWIMMING**
NBA championships, Eads, Miss., Ind.
- TRACK & FIELD**
Knights of Columbus meet, Cleveland

Saturday, March 21

- AUTO RACING**
★ Florida Int'l. 12-Hour Grand Prix of Endurance, Sebring, Fla. (CBS)
- BASKETBALL**
★ Nat'l Div. Tourney, Eads, Mad. Sq. Garden, New York, 4 p.m. (NBC)
- GOLF**
★ All-Star Golf, Round vs. Bunko, Miami, 5 p.m. in each time zone (ABC)
- HOCKEY**
Boston at Montreal
Chicago at Toronto
★ New York at Detroit, 2 p.m. (CBS)
- HORSE RACING**
Gulfstream Park Handicap, \$100,000, Gulfstream Park, Fla.
Governors Gold Cup, \$50,000, Boreas, Md.
- POLO**
Nat'l 12-goal tourney, Eads, New York.
- SWIMMING**
★ U. S. Eastern Amateur Nat'l Am. Alysse champs. and Olympic tryouts, Wilmet, Ill., N. H. (also March 22)
- BOXING**
Nat'l doubles champ., Buffalo (also March 22)
- TRACK & FIELD**
West Texas Relay, Odessa, Texas
Kansas State Relay, Manhattan, Kan.

Sunday, March 22

- BASKETBALL**
★ Western Division final-round game, St. Louis vs. winner of semifinals, site to be determined (NBC)
- BOAT RACING**
6-Day Boat Race, New York through March 23
- BOXING**
Norris Nat'l, Eads, Seattle.
- HOCKEY**
Chicago at Boston
Montreal at New York
Toronto at Detroit

Monday, March 23

- BOXING**
Oxford vs. York, Oxford, England.

Tuesday, March 24

- GOLF**
Borsini Pro-Am, \$10,000, Palm Beach, Fla. (also March 25)
- HOCKEY**
Stanley Cup playoffs, teams and site to be determined (also March 26)

Wednesday, March 25

- BASKETBALL**
Canadian Open, Quebec, Que. through March 26
- BOXING**
★ Euro-Wel. Golden Gloves, Eads, Chicago, 10 p.m. (ABC)

Thursday, March 26

- SWIMMING**
★ N. A. A. champs., Eads, N. Y. through March 26
- WRESTLING**
NBA champs., Iowa City (through March 26)

*See local listing

Roy Linden

The only real security is earned

"I read in the paper that the thing people want above all else out of a job is security.

"Now it seems to me there's nothing wrong with wanting security. So long as you earn it.

"But how can we earn it when we continue to get salary increases without a comparable increase in productivity?

"Or when we limit individual incentive by restricting personal productivity?

"Or when we tax our people so heavily we discourage them from producing all they can?

"We have inherited a way of life which guarantees us more individual freedom than any other on earth. And an economy which has achieved the highest standard of living man has ever enjoyed.

"But we are in danger of losing both unless we realize a very simple truth:

"The only real security is earned security."

* * *

Roy Linden started with us as a warehouseman in the Marketing Department 42 years ago. He worked 72 hours a week and made \$85 a month.

Today he is Vice President of the same department, and a stockholder of the company. His security has been earned.

YOUR COMMENTS INVITED: Editor, Chairman of the Board, Union Oil Co., Union Oil Center, Los Angeles 17, Calif.



Union Oil Company OF CALIFORNIA

MANUFACTURERS OF ROYAL TRITON, THE AMAZING PURPLE MOTOR OIL



WORRIED MANAGER Bill Rigney last week watched Trainer Frank Bowman bandage gash in Willie Mays's leg. The cut, though requiring stitches, was not serious.

NEED

The San Francisco Giants have all the power and speed in the world, but it's not enough

by ROY TERRELL

OUTSIDE, in the bright Arizona sunlight, the Giants were romping through a workout that would have warmed the foggy cockles of every San Francisco heart. Willie Mays lashed two pitches over the left-field fence which, when last seen, were heading in the direction of downtown Phoenix. Orlando Cepeda smashed one to the far reaches of center field. Willie Kirkland hit a wicked line drive up against the wall in right, and Leon Wagner drove two balls so high and so far that they almost disappeared from sight. Then Felipe Alou swung and the ball went screaming

PERSONIFICATION OF GIANTS' STRENGTH



NOW: ONE PITCHER

back past the mound, a white blur which left everyone in spasms of glee except the batting practice pitcher, who picked himself up off the ground and shook his head and looked as if he would much rather be doing something else.

Around the infield Daryl Spencer and Andre Rodgers and Jim Davenport snapped up the grounders which Coach Salty Parker was hitting and flipped them like rifle shots over to Bill White at first. Behind the bat Bob Schmidt pounded his big mitt and kept the chatter alive.

It was the kind of day and the kind of play that made you want to get out there and try it yourself.

But there was neither joy nor sunlight in Bill Rigney's office beneath the stands. While the Giant manager looked grim—it is hard for him to look any other way with his broken jaw still wired shut, but you could see he was giving this an extra effort

—and the assembled reporters sat in tense expectancy, Chub Feeney made the announcement. "Allan [Red] Worthington," said the Giant vice-president, "who has been holding out, yesterday injured his knee playing catch with his brother back home, and we do not know when he will be able to pitch again." It required a little effort, because Feeney is normally a cheerful man, but he managed to look quite grim, too.

Only a reporter from an out-of-town paper could find anything amusing in the announcement. "Maybe," he said, "you should sign his brother. He must have a hell of a fast ball." Feeney and Rigney and the San Franciscans did not think this was very funny.

Later it was learned that Worthington's knee, which one doctor said must be operated upon immediately, was not really so bad after all. And a second doctor told him that it was

all right to report to camp. In Phoenix no one was sure that the two doctors had examined the same knee, but at least Worthington was on his way. Anyway, the incident tells us quite a bit about the Giants.

In the spring training camps of the Braves and Pirates and Reds and Dodgers the announcement that an Allan (Red) Worthington was temporarily *hors de combat* would hardly have been the occasion for universal gloom. Probably it would not even have been the occasion for a press conference. But the Braves and Pirates and Reds and Dodgers all have pitching. The Giants, as it became painfully apparent last season, do not.

They have terrific power and wonderful speed, a slick defense and a collection of the finest throwing arms in all baseball. Last year the Giants scored more runs than any other team in the National League and,

continued on page 34

IS PUERTO RICAN FIRST BASEMAN ORLANDO CEPEDA, WHO HIT 35 HOME RUNS LAST YEAR AND WAS NAMED ROOKIE OF THE YEAR



WORLD HOCKEY NEVER HAD IT SO BIG

Rabidly enthusiastic Czechs jammed every available seat to see the Canadians win the amateur championship of the world

by MILT DUNNELL



KEY GAME OF HOCKEY CHAMPIONSHIPS IN PRAGUE SAW THE

FRANCIS HANACEK, a tiny little Czechoslovakian cook, stood pinned against the barricade planks in Prague's aging Winter Stadium. The barrier came almost to his chin. His faded overcoat was threadbare and his beret was askew. He had been in that position nearly three hours.

Jammed in behind him, similar-type Czechs, Slovaks, Hungarians and Rumanians stood 50 deep. Ten thousand others were shoulder to shoulder and hip to hip on arching pews all the way around the timberbox wooden rink.

It was only 30 minutes before Francis Hanacek would see the puck dropped to launch the Soviet Union against the defending champions from Canada in what everyone expected to be the key game of amateur hockey's 25th world series, so Francis considered himself a very fortunate fellow indeed.

"I got into line at 3 o'clock [game time was 8] so I might have this favorable position," he explained. "The pressure from those behind me is great, but I still have an excellent view of the match."

Plutoocrats who enjoyed the luxury of seats—of which there were approximately 4,000—glanced apprehensively at the fence separating attendees from seats as creaks and groans. They were in danger of being burned by an avalanche of humanity if the ancient wooden wall ever gave way.

This was a scene which was repeated many times in the cities of Czechoslovakia as the hockey-hungry populace waged one of the greatest ticket hunts of all time in sport. Even a game between visiting sportswriters and Czechoslovakian newspapermen drew 11,000 spectators.

Shrewdly scheduled by John Francis (Bunny) Ahearne of London, president of the International Ice Hockey Federation, the games were arranged to exploit this hockey hysteria to the last Heller (1/10 of a cent).

Qualifying matches were played in three cities—Bratislava, Brno and Ostrava—with six of the 12 nations in the major series advancing to the round-robin final in Prague. For the qualifying game between Canada and Czechoslovakia at Bratislava, Publicity Man Lubomir Zeman reported

that he had 400,000 written applications for the 12,500 seats available.

In store windows and on fences throughout this ancient city of the Slovaks placards appeared: "To our dear representatives of the Czechoslovakian ice hockey team: fight with all your strength. We will all be with you and encourage you. (Signed) Your Bratislava Sports Public." An announcement that every period of every major game would be televised failed to subdue the clamor for tickets. Security guards were placed around Press Agent Zeman's home. The telephone numbers of all his publicity staff were changed.

THE SPECIAL REWARD

In the end, tickets were distributed in the usual way—through sports clubs and workers' organizations. They were allotted as rewards for extra effort in the glass factory or the Skoda Works. Soldiers got them for overtime duty as members of frontier patrols.

The top price was \$5—a stiff fee in an economy where the average wage is around 1,000 korun per month



HARD-DRIVING CANADIANS OUTPLAY THE SKILLFUL RUSSIANS TO SCORE 3-1 VICTORY

(roughly \$30 per week at the official rate).

Scalpers reaped ridiculous profits for tickets to meaningless matches such as Switzerland vs. Poland, neither of which survived the qualifying round. Regardless of score the fans remained cheering to the end. Canada ran up a 23-0 count on Switzerland, but not a customer left his seat.

Under the Ahearne system, teams which were eliminated in the qualifying round did not lose their usefulness at the gate. They were farmed out to cities such as Kladno, Mladá Boleslav and Kolín to battle—mostly before sellout houses—for positions all the way down to 12th place. In addition, Master Promoter Ahearne operated a sideshow tournament for hopeless teams such as Rumania, Hungary, Austria and the Czech juniors at Pilsen while the main event was in progress at Prague.

Second only to hockey tickets in demand were souvenirs and autographs. Lapel pins from the U.S. and Canada became collectors' items. Queues for the Václavské Namesti, the Broadway of Prague,

when hawkers set up their stands to sell photos of competing clubs.

Canada and American prints were sold out first. The curbside merchants were stock with stacks of Soviet pictures after the Russians whacked the Czechoslovakians 4-3 in the roughest game of the final round.

Czech fans whistled and jeered as the two Communist countries tore into each other, hammer and sickle, before the frenzied crowd. This was one of the most embarrassing incidents of the whole tournament for loyal brothers of the lodge, particularly since the Canadians and Americans had received unflattering publicity for their rugged play in a pre-tournament tour of the Continent.

After Canada crushed Czechoslovakia 7-2 in the qualifying round, the official Communist paper *Pravda* complained that the Canadians had sent out Al Dewbury, towering former Chicago Black Hawks defenseman, to intimidate the Czech team. And he was successful, Prurich confessed, because Canada swept the rink in the second period, rapping in six goals. So when Russia played her

satellite, Czechoslovakia, Canadians and Americans had ring-side seats to see the game played in a spirit of brotherly love. Over their heads was a propaganda slogan lettered on the rafters: "Sport for peace and friendship among nations."

Less than two minutes after the face-off one Czech player buried the butt end of his stick into Nikolai Sologubov's ribs. The 35-year-old captain of the Russian team was doubled over with pain. He shouted protests at the Czech bench as he skated slowly to his own players' coop.

Henrich Sidorenkov, who replaced Sologubov, avenged the attack on his mate. He caught Jaroslav Jirik with his hip and sent him soaring like sputnik, while aroused Czech fans practically rattled the walls with their whistles and boos.

PYRRHIC VICTORY

When it was over the Russians had won the battle but lost the campaign. Two of their best players—Sidorenkov and Dimitri Ukolov, both defensemen—were out for the balance of the tournament. Ukolov had a damaged shoulder and Sidorenkov suffered a charley horse.

The Soviets lost some hero worshippers. Czech fans who had hailed them with cries of "*Soviets do toho* [*Soviet, Go! Go!*]" gave them scarcely a ripple of applause at the end. It was reminiscent of the silence in the packed rink at Bratislava when the public address announcer revealed that Russia had beaten the U.S. in a qualifying match.

Like the loyal home fans, Promoter Ahearne may have overestimated the strength of the Czechoslovak team, which reportedly had stopped the Russians twice right in Moscow. Ahearne had seeded Czechoslovakia and Canada to meet in the final game.

The Canadians—a collection of amateurs and reinstated pros called the McFarlands, from Belleville, Ont.—regarded the Russians as the team they had to beat. They seemed justified when clobbering the Czechs 7-2 in the qualifying round.

Canada's set-to with the Soviets pointed up the one mistake committed by Ahearne. He should have saved this one for the end. What the Canadians conceded in speed they more than made up in experience and poise. Their former pros, who had been criticized at home as "weary and over the hill," quickly spotted

continued on page 58



BASEBALL'S NORTHERN DIVISION

While ballplayers got ready down South last week, management got ready up North: O'Malley soothed Snider, Veeck attempted to soothe Comiskey, a new stadium sprouted, the Braves opened the windows to a deluge of fans with spring fever

COFFEE KLATSCH at Chicago's Comiskey Park celebrates purchase of 54% of White Sox stock from Mrs. John Ragny *leader* by syndicate headed by Bill Veeck (left). But beneath the gentle tinkling of cups there was the bitter grumbling of angry young Chuck Comiskey (right), who will appeal the legality of his sister's sale. "I won't talk to Veeck as far as business is concerned," said Comiskey flatly. "We have no intention of trying to come in like gangbusters," said Veeck soothingly, offering reporters "54% of a cup of coffee." Next for Veeck: moving out to Chicago.

GOOD FENCES make good neighbors," said Robert Frost the poet. "Short fences make happy hitters," is the view of Walter O'Malley, the Chinese philosopher. Last year only 11 of the 193 home runs hit at Los Angeles were to center or right (old fence is outlined by human figures). So, mending walls and ways, the Dodgers have shortened center from 425 to 415 feet, right center from 440 to 385. New fence is no longer an offense to Duke Snider. "I used to watch that fence," said Snider, who hit only 15 homers in 1958, "and say, 'My God, what do they want me to do?'"





FAITHFUL FANS who have helped the Milwaukee Braves lead both leagues in attendance during the past six years and hope for yet another banner (and pennant) year in 1959 through the windows at County Stadium to buy 8,000 tickets for the opening day game against the Phillies on April 14. First to arrive were five who persevered overnight through the cold, snow and dark for the singular status symbol of being at the head of the line.

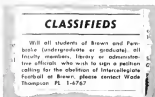
CONCRETE EVIDENCE of Giants' home-building progress is this view of Candlestick Park, with Hunter's Point Naval Shipyard and Oakland in background. When stadium is double-decked and temporary bleachers are added it will seat 45,000. New features include angling of left and right field wings so that fans face pitcher, not outfielders, and short, easy access to top deck. San Francisco's new stadium is expected to be completed by mid-summer.



IS FOOTBALL A SUBSTITUTE FOR MOTHERHOOD?

In arguments that rocked Brown University, that was one of the questions raised by an English teacher—he had 'a horrible week'

IF YOU'D JUST REMIT, a classified ad in Brown University's student newspaper, the *Daily Herald*, can release as much energy as a hydrogen bomb. The man who discovered the magic formula is Wade C. Thompson, an English instructor at Brown. Here is his ad:



Thompson has red hair, a flair for controversy and a fine bass voice. He is six feet four inches tall and has played basketball but not football. He once sang bass in the chorus of the Radio City Music Hall in order to support himself and his family while he worked for his doctorate at Columbia University. While at the Music Hall he organized the Rockettes into a labor union, and did the job so skillfully that he became a full-time labor organizer for a year.

Thompson will soon receive his Ph.D. from Columbia (his doctoral dissertation is on the aesthetic theories of Henry David Thoreau) and will soon move up to an assistant professorship at Brown—not, however, because of his antifootball ad. He is, temporarily and in a mild way, a national celebrity. For the *Daily Herald*, while running the ad in its classified section, ran a story about the ad on Page One (INSTRUCTOR ADVOCATES ABOLITION OF FOOTBALL) and PL 1-6767 became the busiest telephone in Providence, R.I.

Thompson received bully-hoy threats by telephone, a courteous visit from Brown's football captain (who offered physical protection against possible violence) and offers to sign his petition, which was imaginary anyway.



IN BIGGEST AUDITORIUM ON THE CAMPUS, BROWN STUDENTS



ENGLISH INSTRUCTOR Wade Thompson attacks "satelity" of football, admits he was outnumbered "about 40,000 to one."



PLUS A FEW PEMBROKE GIRLS LISTEN TO FOOTBALL DEBATE



ATHLETIC DIRECTOR Paul Mackesey defends proposition that "scholarship alone is not enough to make the whole man."

The tearcup storm became a gale which roared about the campus: Brown students turned fervently pro- or acidly anti-Thompson. Newspapers all over the country took up the story, and everybody enjoyed the wonderful nonsense except Wade Thompson, who got tired of answering the telephone and being interviewed.

The debate went on, informally but vigorously, for a week and then was made official by a panel discussion, followed by a question period, in Brown's stately Sayles Hall. Flanked by paintings of Brown worthies of the past 195 years, Thompson took one side, Athletic Director Paul F. Mackesey took the other and a few hundred students came to clap, boo and listen.

"I have received hundreds of invitations to drop dead," Thompson began, admitting that he and his imaginary antifootball committee had found themselves "outnumbered approximately 40,000 to one. We hung out one surrender flag after another. Still the shooting continued. We resolved to retreat from one untenable position to another, but the hullabaloo went on."

Thompson had called football anti-intellectual, he said, but what he was really opposed to was "the sanctification of football." The clamorous reaction to his advertisement had, he said, that even at Brown, which follows the code of amateurism in athletics, football is sanctified.

"It is preposterous to think that Brown is going to abolish football just because I said it should." But, he insisted, "football doesn't build character any more than tennis does, or chess. It is no substitute for motherhood. . . . It has been choked with clichés, mired in sentimental mush, drowned in tears and flappedoodle, until no football coach can go from one job to another without more idiotic fanfare than that which will accompany the Second Coming."

Athletic Director Mackesey, a lawyer who speaks as persuasively as Thompson, said he felt that the evening's discussion dignified the subject of antifootball beyond its deserts. "If athletics does not make a sensible and sound contribution to education as we understand it, then there is no justification for it in our college program. . . . Only those who have viewed education narrowly, with one eye, have considered that scholarship alone is enough to make the whole man. . . . College education is a four-year experience in preparation for the whole of life and not for one part of it."

"What better preparation for all of life than hard work and success both in the classroom and on the playing field? The scholar-athlete, the college football player, is not a divided, cross-eyed person but a man of twofold ability. . . . There are more things in heaven and earth, Mr. Thompson, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

What began as a joke and became a farce thus wound up almost soberly, with the students listening to both speakers as carefully as to a classroom lecture (more carefully, some faculty members thought). Possibly no convictions were changed as a result of Brown's great debate, but the arguments had rarely been stated so sharply or received so much attention. Thompson, who never explained his purpose in soliciting signatures for an imaginary petition on behalf of a nonexistent committee, was wearily willing to let the whole matter drop. "I have had a horrible week," he said, rubbing his tired-looking face. Later he added, "I hope the students carry on the debate from now on."

END



*Daddy and I watching the
team practice in Brisbane*



*Rabbit Keki teaching me
to surfboard in Honolulu.*

*David Kramer and I
look into the Davis Cup*



ROUND THE WORLD WITH DADDY

When Bill Talbert went to Australia for the Davis Cup tennis matches he took along his 9-year-old son Pike. After the Australia campaign Bill and Pike returned around-the-world. They traveled 28,000 miles in 24 days (16 of them Christmas holidays) and touched 10 countries. Here are highlights from Pike's album, with his own captions.





John and Elia Konrad and their Coach Don Talbot.



We scouted Norm O'Neill
for the Yankees



We get headlines in Sydney

The Chief, Alex Olmedo, and
I eat watermelon



In the Tiger Balm Garden,
Singapore. He looks like
you, Daddy.



We won the Cup



It doesn't look like Yankee Stadium.



We saw him in
the Central Park Zoo



*I skated all alone on
the big rink at St. Moritz*

*Daddy said the toboggans were
going 60 miles per hour*



Boy was a kind.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

The Blast to Come

IT won't be long now, an oldtimer was saying the other day, until the baseball park will spring back into life. "There'll be the umpire shouting 'Play ball!' and the crack of ash on horsehide," was the way he put it. "There'll be the husky shout of the hot-dog man and the throaty roar of the crowd."

Poor oldtimer. He's heard baseball and all the clichés all right, but he hasn't heard of Walter O'Malley's latest. Mr. O'Malley, who last year changed baseball's geometry with a 250-foot left-field fence, this year is changing baseball's sound. To do it, he has authorized a bugle concession for the salesmen in Los Angeles Coliseum. And if all goes well (and in Los Angeles it will), the crack of ash on horsehide and all the rest of it will give way to the decibels of 20,000 bugles, priced within reach of just about everybody at \$1. "And if the demand warrants," adds Danny Goodman, the Dodger concession manager, "we'll order more."

Horsaholics in Moscow

WITH ALL the talk about superior education, more powerful rockets, better basketball teams and the Kremlin knows what else, it is comforting to think that Moscow's man in the street has weaknesses just like the rest of us.

We have long had it on the word of bibulous Nikita Khrushchev himself that an occasional good Communist tends to nurse the vodka bottle too long and too lovingly, just as the subjects of the Czars were wont to do. Now we learn—sadly, to be sure, but with a grain of satisfaction as well—that the horsaholic, or compulsive bettor, is as familiar a figure at the tote windows of Moscow's race track as he is elsewhere in the world.

With sternly youthful disapproval, the official organ of Moscow's Young Communist League last week published a dossier of letters describing the decline and fall of a number of promising young Reds enchanted with the beguiling odds at the Moscow Hippodrome. There was, for one, the machine-tool operator Anatoli Pukhov whose life was "normal, even good, until a friend lured me to the races and taught me to play that accursed totalizator."

"Once I won," confessed Anatoli, "then I started losing. I gambled away all my pay, hocked my watch and even stuck my hand in someone else's pocket."

Sadder still was the case of a chief bookkeeper named Kachurin who in the course of a year at the betting windows gambled away a million rubles that were not his and hid out for five years in faraway Ashkhabad before the cops tracked him down.

The Communist Youth editors themselves cited the case of a brave ex-soldier who had lost his family since he took up betting, and that of a brilliant engineer who forgot all else once he found the tote machines. "Those vile and filthy mementos of the Czarist way of life," concluded the editors, "have got to go."

But with the tote machines merrily clicking off a total of some 5 million bets annually for the railbirds of Moscow and visitors from out of town, it seems unlikely that either the Ministry of Agriculture, which runs the track, or the Ministry of Finance, which collects the bets, will pay much attention.

Exam

QUESTION: At exactly 45 seconds after 5:38 the other afternoon a freight train pulled out of Fielding, New Zealand bound for Palmerston North, 12 miles away. It pursued its

northerly route at an average speed of 16 mph. Along the way, it made two stops of 7½ and 12½ minutes.

Twenty-nine minutes and 45 seconds before the train left Fielding, a group of distance walkers strode off the mark in Palmerston North. Bound for the finish line of the New Zealand championship heel-and-toe race, 20,000 meters (12,427 miles) away, they pursued a circuitous route which intersected the railroad track one mile south of Palmerston North and 12.131 miles from the starting line. One of the racers, Norman Read, an Olympic gold medalist, maintained an average 7.9985 mph.



What happened and what time was it?

ANSWER: Norman Read and the train arrived at the crossing at 6:40 p.m., the train ahead by the length of its cowcatcher. As the train labored by, Read raged, gesticulated, swore and danced in frustration. Moreover, during the 30 seconds he had to wait [train's speed (16 miles per hour, or 23.46 feet per second) times train's length (794 feet)], Read's No. 1 rival, Kevin Keough of Australia, who had skittered across just ahead of the train, lengthened his lead invincibly with every stride.

Q. How did Norman Read, his fellow stragglers and officials of the walking championship feel?

A. Like perfect asses.

Mr. B.'s Dream

IN THIS DAY of moon missiles the graceful three-masted schooners of a seafaring age are about as hard to

find as Moby Dick, except in the dreams of imaginative boys. One imaginative boy of 49 years, however, not only owns such a schooner but kept his dream alive for a generation to get it. This man is Ward Bright, real-estate agent and yacht-basin operator in Wildwood, N.J., and his dream concerns the famous 185-foot schooner *Atlantea*. In 1905 the three-masted *Atlantea* sailed from Sandy Hook Lightship to Point Lizard, England in 12 days and 4 hours, a transatlantic record never since equaled by a sailing ship. During the passage she also set the noon-to-noon distance record of 341 miles.

Not only was the *Atlantea* a lady of speed but of beauty as well. One of her owners, Gerard Lambert, wrote in his autobiography *All Out of Step* of the time she joined a New York Yacht Club cruise: "Suddenly the other yachts in the fleet diminished in importance. The much bigger and more impressive yachts of Vincent Astor and Mr. Morgan appeared dead and inert things."

Bright applied for a berth aboard the *Atlantea* way back in 1927, when he was 17, but was turned down in favor of a professional sailor. Disappointed, but holding fast to his dream, he never forgot the *Atlantea*, and kept close watch on her as she passed from rich yachtsman to rich yachtsman until, in 1954, having fallen on bad times, she was sold to a smelting works in Wilmington, Del. Seeing his dream about to disappear, Bright hurried to Wilmington, pleaded with the company president, a sympathetic man who knew the importance of dreams, and purchased her for the price of her metals, just one hour before the workmen were to start tearing her steel hull into scrap.

Towing the great lady to Wildwood, where he could keep an eye on her, he returned to his office to earn enough money to refit her. Last week, nearing the final stages of his dream, Bright was ready to have his schooner towed to a shipyard for final repairs. Late this year he hopes to have her under sail.

"I must have got 18,000 letters from boys who are now at the stage I was at in 1927," said Ward Bright.



"We can plan your itinerary for you, or, if you wish, we can supply you with all the information and you can lose it up yourself."

"The dream is still there; it doesn't die."

How to Write About Sports

FOUR thousand three hundred twenty-six editors of high school newspapers and magazines, among them a large proportion of the high school sports editors of the nation, have been meeting at Columbia University in a scholastic press association convention, their papers and their discussion groups affording an agreeable opportunity to examine the state of high school sport at the moment. On five long tables in Low Memorial Library, ranged according to size of school, were such fine examples of contemporary youthful journalism as the *Murfree Mar-Mar* from Murfreesboro, N.C., *Liberty Life* from Liberty High School in Bethlehem, Pa., *The Skorthorn* from Marfa, Texas, *The Birch Bark* from the Birch Wathen School of New York, and several hundred others. A study of their sport pages reveals that the problem of reporting high school sports is the same for schools of all

sizes and in all parts of the nation: when we win, the event is epochal, and when we lose, it's hardly worth writing about.

"The Skorthorns played the Rankin Red Devils before the biggest crowd of the season," wrote Garry Adams stoically of a bad afternoon in Marfa, Texas. "Rankin recovered the ball and pushed their way to the 38-yard line and went the distance on one play from there. This was followed by another touchdown. The Red Devils ran 31 yards for their third touchdown. The second half started with Marfa first trying for 'pay dirt' but could not quite cross the golden stripe." Rankin then drove for a touchdown, which was followed by several more."

Still bemused by Editor Adams' account of the Rankin-Marfa fiasco, we followed the sports editors to room 702 of Hamilton Hall, where Jerry Isenberg of the sports staff of the *Newark Star-Ledger* was to speak on sportswriting as a professional career. He was introduced by the sports editor of the Avon Lake, Ohio, high

continued

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

school paper, who said that Izenberg had been at his present post on the Newark paper for eight years, as if summoning up a span of time the human mind could barely grasp. Dressed in a gray suit, neat and forceful, with only his spectacles and his receding hairline indicating his membership in an older generation, Izenberg began forcefully, "One of the main things..."

The door opened, and 28 sports editors silently filed in. It seemed that some preceding session had run over its allotted time. The speaker waited, undisturbed, while they ranged themselves against the wall at the back of the lecture room. On the blackboard behind Izenberg some intrepid critic of the *Columbia Spectator* had chalked SPECTATOR STINKS. However, he had apparently been interrupted, for the N was omitted, making it SPECTATO.

"One of the main things," Izenberg continued smoothly, and launched into a talk on objectivity. He said that in much high school sports reporting it seemed that only one team was playing. It was a good speech. The assembled sportswriters listened intently, without interruption, until Izenberg reached ethics. He asked for a little compassion for a losing team, and told a story of a Rutgers sophomore who spoiled an undefeated season by a fumble on the six-yard line. "For the rest of his life," Izenberg said, "people are going to say to him, 'Oh, you're the fellow who fumbled on the six-yard line...'"

"No! No!" cried a young man in the third row. "He's our neighbor!

Nobody's said anything to him!"

Izenberg was glad to hear the unfortunate sophomore had been spared and changed the example to Roy Riegels, who ran the wrong way in the Rose Bowl. How many people know he was All-America the next year?

The discussion period began. A tall, thin, philosophical-looking student had been brooding about Izenberg's suggestion that a sportswriter interview the referee after a game, rather than describe him as a robber. "Your team's leading by a point," said the student carefully, "in the last seconds of the game. There's a foul and everybody sees it, but the referee doesn't call it, and



the game ends in a riot. The riot's still going on..." Izenberg and the high school sports editors stared fascinated at this vivid evocation of a gripping moment in high school basketball. The questioner got stage fright. "Well," he ended lamely, "how do you ask him?"

Izenberg admitted that would be difficult.

"What are the prospects," asked a girl whose reddish hair framed an ethereally pale, delicate face, "for women sportswriters?"

These turned out to be pretty bad. After discussion of women being ejected from press boxes, the prob-

lem of locker-room discussions, and—well, it's just impossible—it was agreed that girls might cover things like skiing and tennis, since almost everybody was trying to keep from writing about tennis.

It was now time to go to the next discussion group, and a visible movement started toward the door.

"Suppose there's a truck meet with first place depending on the outcome of the last race!" cried an intent young man, holding his overcoat and blocking the doorway. He spoke as if he had crossed the country in order to ask his question. "A runner comes in fifth in that last race, and yet that makes his team the winner!"

The room grew quiet again as the editors considered the situation. "How can you play up his part?" said the questioner passionately. "He only came in fifth. If he hadn't come in fifth we wouldn't have won, but how can you make him a hero when he only finished in fifth place?"

"You mean your team's runner came in fifth and that won the meet?" asked Izenberg, pecking up his ears.

"Yes. Otherwise we'd have lost."

"That's very interesting," said Izenberg. The high school sportswriters of the nation nodded in agreement. "You've got a good story right there. A very interesting and unusual lead. Runner Finishes Fifth, Wins Meet..." The door swung open, and the editors swept down the hall to the next discussion in Room 716: How to Express What You Believe.

Ribs on the Fairway

SINCE World War II hundreds of thousands of Japanese are enjoying the triumphs and frustrations of the Western game called golf. The fact is their enthusiasm for the game often outruns their skill in playing it. This information came to light recently when a Tokyo doctor announced that according to his research Japan's amateurs were far more likely to break ribs than to break 90. After an X-ray survey of 50 professional golfers and 50 amateurs, Dr. Ryoichi Katayama found out the pros were sound to a man,

They Said It

GEORGES CARPENTIER, 65, recalling the *Despree* era over cognac in his prosperous Paris restaurant: "You used to have to fight to eat. Nowadays the welfare state—it does too much for you. The boys are soft and they don't fight the way we used to."

FIDEL CASTRO, belatedly reopening a subject that puzzled him at the time: "Why did Haney pitch Burtette instead of Carlton Willey in the seventh game of the World Series?"

JEAN-CLAUDE LEFEBVRE, 7-foot 2-inch French basketball player, on the pleasures of his 18-month stay at Spokane's Gonzaga University: "I met tall girls with whom it was possible for me to dance."

but a full 30% of the amateurs were swinging around the course with rib fractures they knew nothing about.

Golf, Dr. Katayama explains, develops stresses on the body not generally considered. Their appetites whetted by such triumphs as Japan's Canada Cup victory in 1957, many amateurs have taken up the game with little or no thought to conditioning. "When a man happens to be middle-aged," says Dr. Katayama, "he frequently gets a backache. Only it is probably not a backache. More likely, he has broken a rib near the spinal column."

Dr. Katayama's advice to the more mature amateurs of his country is simple enough: use irons instead of woods while learning; warm up muscles before a round; never forget you are middle-aged. An ancient Japanese proverb offered much the same advice: "Crude tactics are the cause of serious wounds."

On the Road

THE British Sunday motorist and, indeed, the British road have changed little since Mr. Toad gloriously croaked, "Sit still, and you shall know what driving really is, for you are in the hands of the famous, the skilful, the entirely fearless Toad!"—and shot through a hedge into a ditch.

The capacity of Britain's roads is practically the same today as in 1935 when there were 2.75 million vehicles in England. Today there are 8.5 million, and during the past fortnight came the sober announcement that Ross-on-Wye Cottage Hospital will be modernised to cope with increased casualties expected when Ross Spur Motorway is completed. Heedless of double center lines, arrows, blinking lights, warning signs and the rules of the overcrowded road, Britain's Sunday motorist operates on the theory that a man's Austin is his castle. On any thoroughfare, picnickers blithely park their cars in the stream of traffic, preferably on a blind curve. On any two-lane hill, rickety Morrisies burrow past lorries and buses at 30 mph despite frantic signaling. And on the infrequent

four-lane highways, they wheeze and weave among lanes no matter what the rearview mirror shows.

The most unruly of all British drivers are those whose cars display, front and back, the big red L of the apprentice driver; they hurtle about as though L stood for Le Mans, not Learner. Many learners, in fact, have been hurtling for years. With only 850 examiners to deal with 1,345,832 applicants last year (a 40% increase over 1957), there is now a backlog of 250,000 unlicensed motorists. And the learners are multiplying at a formidable rate. In less than two years, 48% of the 2,162,000 Britons who took driving tests flunked, and for many it was not the first time.

A fortnight ago two celebrated Britons finally passed the test. The first had never got around to taking the Ministry of Transport examination because he got a license in 1946—at 16—when tests were not required. "It's a stupid test, anyway," said Stirling Moss, the world's premier Grand Prix driver. "Too many catch questions, which, even if you answer correctly, do not make you a good driver." The examination Moss preferred to take is the considerably stricter one given by the privately sponsored Institute of Advanced Motorists. The Ministry recognizes the Institute's test and insurance companies recognize it, too, by offering reduced rates to those who, in the

Institute's words, "have cut themselves adrift from [being] mere road users." Moss's test took 85 minutes, which, according to the Institute, "is of sufficient duration to reveal any inherent weakness or carelessness, however temporarily alert the candidate may force himself to be."

Moss drove his two-tone Standard Pennant runabout and, according to a *Daily Herald* reporter who accompanied him, was "naughty." The reporter chided Moss for driving several miles with only his right hand, giving no hand signals ("I don't believe in arm-flapping. Anyway it's too cold with the window down," said Moss), smoking at the wheel and occasionally crossing a white line. "I admire his restraint," said Moss's examiner, however. "He's always willing to give the other bloke a chance—not a bit keen on racing anyone."

Since so many Britons have flunked at least one test, the L driver is regarded more with cautious affection than exasperation. Thus, all Britain cheered when a 39-year-old Norfolk laborer, Derek Brown, passed his 30-minute Ministry examination. Brown had been driving with L plates for 22 years, had failed his test 12 times.

Any Questions?

AN ANCIENT wheeze of the Irish An turl tells of a mystified rider who looked down to discover that one of his horse's hind hoofs was caught in the stirrup. "Saints above!" he announced. "If you're goin' to get on, I'm goin' to get off."

We've never known quite what to make of that story—there are so many pregnant, pithy and unanswered questions involved in it—and all we could really do was to put it deliberately out of our mind.

Last week we received a news dispatch that expounded that old mystification in its once more. Since we are unable to cope with it, we give it to you in its entirety. "Thieves," ran the dispatch, "broke open an iron-barred cage at the zoo in Ribeirão Preto, Brazil last night, stole two ferocious jaguars and drove away with them in a jeep."



Defense

This boxer, quite a cautious fella,
Holds over him a large umbrella.
He's fearful lest his foe, doggone him,
May soon be raining blows upon him.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

NORRIS SURE FLOYD WON'T FIGHT INGO

Newspaper headline



IF NORRIS WANTS TO TALK

If James D. Norris has anything to say about the fight business—clean, dirty or just slightly soiled—he had better say it to New York District Attorney Frank Hogan and the New York County grand jurors, who have been waiting for more than a year to hear his story.

Why do we bring this up at this time? There are two reasons:

1 Last week in Tampa, Norris, the ex big shot twice removed by the federal courts (from Madison Square Garden and the International Boxing Club), did some loud and unseemly hoisting in a public restaurant which gave every indication that he is back in the boxing business right up to his bushy brows and with a vigor that belies the delicate state of his health.

Norris, directing his remarks to Harry Grayson, sports editor of NEA, was in a cavalier mood. He offered to bet any man in the house \$5,000 that Champion Floyd Patterson will not fight Ingemar Johansson this year,

and then he went free-wheeling on to discuss boxing generally and at some length. He proclaimed that Sonny Liston, a heavyweight with rather unfortunate associations in boxing's underworld, is "my fighter," and he said that he, Norris, "will chase Patterson across the country until I corner him and find out whether he can really fight." It was a vigorous, table-pounding talk.

2 Some months back Norris suddenly buttoned his lip and escaped an appearance before a New York grand jury on the strength of medical testimony that he was too sick to testify about what he knows of boxing's dirty business.

In the light of his newly revealed vigor, we repeat that if James D. Norris, the legally declared Sick Man of Boxing, has any boxing tales to tell, he had better tell them to District Attorney Hogan and the grand jury. He could tell plenty.

But we'll bet \$5,000 he won't do it.

END



Arrow makes news in blues...and in Wash and Wear

It's style news for early spring. Arrow has created a set of new, frosty blue tones and tailored them in the smartest new casual shirts ever to wear the Arrow label. As you see, the shirts also come in combinations of snowy white and frosted blues with deeper color accents.

The cloth by Dan River is fine-combed cotton, "San-fuzized" labeled, in wash and wear. You can wash these

shirts as you please—by machine, using the new wash-and-wear cycle, or do by hand. Short sleeves, \$5.00. Long sleeves, \$5.95.

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first in fashion



A LONG CAREER OF SHORT BASE HITS

Richie Ashburn is solid proof that singles hitters drive Cadillacs, too. He has parlayed 11 years of skill with the bat and two batting crowns into a \$40,000 salary

by **WALTER BINGHAM**

LEBN UP on the wooden bottle he culls a bat, Richie Ashburn, last year's National League batting champion, awaits the first pitch of the new season. Chances are he'll bounce it over the pitcher into center field, or bloop it to left, for that is his way. In the 11 years he has worn the candy-cane uniform of the Philadelphia Phillies, Ashburn has bounced, blooped, sliced, scratched, poked, hunted and, to be fair, lined 2,067 base hits.

For his talents, which include not only hitting but fielding and a few others, like leading the league in walks and stolen bases, Ashburn, at 32, is paid about \$40,000 annually. In manner, speech and dress, he could easily be mistaken for Yale '48. His hair and eyebrows are light blond, his body lean and hard. His height is an inch under six feet, his weight is 179. He has been married for nine years and has four blonde-haired daughters, ages 7, 4, 2 and one. During the warm baseball months the Ashburns live in a rented home in Rosemont, a Philadelphia suburb of fine houses and cool, green lawns. Richie makes the 30-minute drive between Rosemont and Connie Mack Stadium in a cream-colored Cadillac.

Between seasons Ashburn returns to Nebraska, where both he and his wife were born. He is Nebraska chairman of the American Cancer Society. He speaks to Elks clubs and boy scouts, to business leaders and orphans. Unlike most ballplayers, he

takes an active interest in politics. Last fall he helped a friend, Republican Bob Harrison, campaign for reelection to Congress. During the warm October days Ashburn turned down tempting golf games to stomp through small Nebraska towns, shaking hands with gas station attendants, drugstore clerks and grain elevator operators. When Harrison lost, Richie was keenly disappointed.

"We lost the farm vote," he said recently. "We did fine in the cities, but we didn't figure the farmers would be so dissatisfied. Of course the whole trend was against us."

RICHE'S HAREM

What spare time he has Ashburn likes to spend at home with his girls—his harem, as he calls them. He is away from home so much, especially during the season, that when he is home the girls rarely let him alone.

"They stand around in the bathroom and watch me shave in the morning," he says smiling. "They ask a thousand questions. All I have to do is say yes once in a while."

In high school in his home town of Tilden, Ashburn was the star athlete, the hero. In 1945, when he was finished with high school, the Phillies signed him to a professional contract and sent him to Utica. Ashburn spent the following year in military service and in 1947 was back at Utica.

He did well that second year at Utica. Nevertheless, when he reported to the Phillies' training camp in the spring of 1948 Ashburn was just another uniform. Philadelphia had a center fielder, Harry Walker, who had won the batting title the year before. The job, naturally, was his.

But Harry Walker was late getting to camp that spring because he was holding out for more money. When another outfielder, Charley Gillbert, was injured, Ashburn played in most of the exhibition games. He did so well that on opening day in Philadelphia he was in center field. Walker, when he signed, was moved to left, then traded to Chicago.

It was a wonderful first year. Ashburn hit .333 and led the league in stolen bases with 32. Hitting in the majors seemed easy.

The following year was sobering. Ashburn started off cocky and overconfident, but midway through the season he was hitting below .250. Although he managed to finish with an average of .284, respectable enough, he had learned a lesson.

"I thought I knew all there was to know about hitting. I've been playing 11 years now, and I realize I still don't know it all."

Once out of his Ivy League clothes and dressed in his uniform, Ashburn is always running, running, running. His speed, great once, is still exceptional; it is his prime asset and he uses it skillfully. The threat of Richie's beating out a bunt brings the third baseman in close, making it easier for Ashburn to exercise his knack of slashing the ball by an infielder or popping it over his head. Once on first base, he is a threat to steal second—no one in baseball today has stolen more bases. And there are other ways for him to make his way around the bases. Several times last year, for instance, he tagged up on fly balls to

continued



YESTERDAY'S HERO. Ty Cobb, was master of short swing, had 4,191 hits in career

Color photograph by Richard Wolf

THROWBACK to yesterday, Richie Ashburn wears knickerbockers short, chokes up on bat

left field and, when the incoming throw was off line, advanced from first base to second.

From second base, Ashburn is ready to score. He has scored more than 90 runs a season for the past eight years. Last season he had 98, fifth in the league. One day against San Francisco he was on second when a ball was hit through the middle. But Daryl Spencer, the Giants' shortstop, made a sprawling stop behind second base that seemed certain to prevent the run from scoring. Ashburn, however, turned third base and sped for home. Spencer righted himself and threw well to the plate, but Ashburn skidded across an instant before the tag.

THE USES OF SPEED

In the outfield, Ashburn uses his speed to similar advantage. Though a cutter fielder, he lacks a strong throwing arm, and his name is rarely mentioned when people discuss the great outfielders. Today, for instance, they talk of Willie Mays or Jimmy Piersall. And yet Ashburn's arm once saved a pennant for Philadelphia, and he has caught more fly balls in his career than Mays and Piersall together. Each year he catches more fly balls than anyone else—at any rate, he has led the National League in putouts in nine of his 11 seasons, and in the two seasons he failed to lead he was out with injuries for long periods of time. In the history of major league baseball only a bare handful of outfielders have made 300 putouts in one season. The Speaker never did, nor Joe DiMaggio. Dominic DiMaggio did it once. So did Taylor Douthitt. Ashburn has done it the four other times.

It was on the last day of the 1950 season that Ashburn's arm saved the pennant for Philadelphia. The Phillies were leading the league, one game ahead of the crushing Dodgers. The two teams were playing each other, in Brooklyn. In the last of the ninth, with the score tied 1-1, the Dodgers put men on first and second with no one out. Duke Snider cracked a sharp single to center field, and Cal Abrams, the runner on second base, headed for the plate. Ashburn fielded the ball and threw it home in time to put Abrams out by five feet. The Dodgers failed to score, and in the 10th the Phillies won the game and the pennant. Ashburn is the first to admit that his play was an easy one. But it



ASHBURN AT HOME: surrounded by the five members of his "harem", wife Herberta, holding Sue Ann, 2; Jean, 7, on the couch; Jan, 4, standing; Karen, one, on Richie's lap.

was a play that had to be made right, and he made it.

In the years since 1950 the Phillies have gone downhill, but not Ashburn. He hit .344 in 1951, but Stan Musial was higher. He hit .330 in 1953, but Carl Fiarile was higher. Finally, in 1955, he hit .338, and no one was higher. He had his first batting championship. Last year, after a driving finish in which he was challenged by three of the game's best hitters—Musial, Mays, and Henry Aaron—he won his second title with a .350 average.

Like most successful men, Ashburn has a strong will to succeed, and this sometimes manifests itself in a temper that can explode with the suddenness of a summer cloudburst. Once last year after a particularly upsetting defeat Ashburn was driving his wife and another couple to dinner when a passing car honked at him for an unnecessary length of time. Ashburn's face grew red and the muscles showed in his neck. He started after the car, briefly, then slowed up.

"If it weren't for you two ladies," he seethed, "I'd chase that guy down, haul him out and break his neck."

Last fall his anger cost him money. On the golf course, having mis-hit a seven-iron, he swore he would never hit another had shot with the club again. Using it as a bat, he swung at a baseball, which in this case was a tree. When he returned home he tossed the bent club in his backyard. His 4-year-old daughter Jan found it and decided it was just the thing to use as a

lever on the cable which held a neighbor's television antenna in place. Now a little girl had the strength to do what she did the Ashburns still wonder, but the cable was snapped and the antenna came crashing down. The damage cost Richie \$120.

Such outbursts of temper, however, are rare. Most of the time Ashburn is friendly and courteous. He is able to take the social obligations of fame in stride. Ballplayers of Ashburn's stature are constantly bombarded with requests for autographs, interviews, photographs, business deals, public appearances. Some players react to this with rudeness or are uncommunicative or, at best, monosyllabic. Ashburn not only treats all requests with consideration, but usually carries the conversation. A Philadelphian who approaches Ashburn hoping to shake hands is likely to be asked about his home, his job and his family.

Ashburn enjoys the life he is leading and he looks forward to many more good baseball years. He wants to make 3,000 hits, something only eight players have done. He looks forward to the birth of his fifth child in August—perhaps, at last, a son.

He has not forgotten the lessons he has learned. When he was arguing for more money this spring, and it looked as if he would have to become a holdout, he remembered another batting champion who held out and how a rookie came along and took his job. Ashburn signed quickly. He likes his job and wants to keep it. **END**



**"What? Pay up to \$300
a foot for excess car length?
Not me—I'm getting the compact Luxury Car...
'59 Ambassador"**



The luxurious Ambassador outparks, outmaneuvers, outperforms other medium-priced cars, because it's free of unparkable, ungargable bulk and power-wasting weight. Top power-to-weight ratio in the field . . . outstanding V-8 economy.



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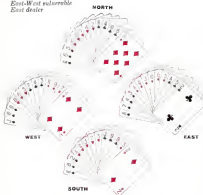
Lead on—but be careful

SINCE bridge experts are human (despite a formidable weight of opinion to the contrary), if they were granted just one wish they would probably ask for more than their share of aces and kings. But if that wish were barred I think they might pray always to make the best opening lead.

It would be (close to) an ideal choice. Consider the case of the Italian team which has won the world championship three years in a row. Expert American observers have long been impressed by the Italians' high percentage of hits in the opening-lead department. I don't contend, of course, that three successive championships have depended exclusively on opening leads, but this was unquestionably a big factor.

It is always something of a comfort when partner of the opening leader has bid a suit. This at least provides a peg for the leader to hang his hat on. Yet it is by no means clear-cut that one must always lead the suit partner has bid. In the current offering West made a wise decision.

East-West vulnerable
East dealer



EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
1♠	1♥	PASS	2♥
4♥	PASS	PASS	4♥
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Before we get around to the opening lead, let's notice that West had a decision to make in the bidding, too. With his partner going it alone up to the four level, vulnerable against nonvulnerable opponents, there was some temptation for West to bid five diamonds, either for a possible make or for a sacrifice, but the unattractive distribution of his hand naturally militated against drastic action.

We are not unaware that had West chosen to bid five diamonds that contract might well have come safely home to roost. It would have required a club lead from South to break the contract, and there was a distinct likelihood that that opening would not have been forthcoming. Against a red-suit attack East would draw trumps and lead the spade jack. South would win, and would no doubt shift to clubs—but too late. East wins, crosses to dummy with a trump and takes another spade finesse. When the queen falls, one of dummy's clubs goes off on East's fourth spade. If South's initial lead is a spade, East has this job done for him before he loses control in clubs.

But let's get back to things as they were, with South the declarer at four hearts and West on lead.

West had sound reasons for refusing to open partner's suit. East's unassisted drive to the four level marked him with considerable length in diamonds. West's holding of four cards convinced him that there would be few if any defensive tricks in that suit.

Also, West knew that there was no need to establish diamonds, for if a diamond trick was available it could be cashed at will. He knew that he was not going to have many chances to lead, so it behooved him to take advantage of his one sure chance, the opening lead.

He therefore led the jack of spades, with an effect which was very salubrious for the defenders. Declarer ducked in dummy, and East played the encouraging seven spot. South won, drew trumps and knocked out the ace of clubs, but East now exploited his partner's good opening lead by underleading the diamond ace to pat West in. A second spade play through dummy's queen now gave East-West the setting trick.

EXTRA TRICK

Playing at a suit contract, if you have only one or two cards in the suit which has been mentioned by partner, then it would appear that your choice of opening leads has been made for you. But where you have great length in his suit, a search for a more constructive lead should recommend itself to you.

END



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How to make a perfect omelet

Narcissa Chamberlain, who wrote a book about it, discusses the basic dos and don'ts

BECAUSE a lot of people don't seem to know how to beat an egg, I decided to write a book on omelets," said Narcissa Chamberlain. We were sitting, on a winter's day in Marblehead, Mass., before one of the six fireplaces that issue into a central chimney in the enchanting 17th century house which is called home by the much-traveled Chamberlains. The walls of every room, or so it seemed, were lined right up to the low ceilings with books—numerable books, many of them cookbooks, ancient and modern. For the writings of erudite, gifted Samuel Chamberlain combine history and travel with lore about food and restaurants in many countries of the world.

His wife Narcissa and daughter Narcisse make their contribution in the kitchen, testing his discoveries and adapting exotic recipes for American use. The mother-daughter team also is responsible for the charming *Chamberlain Calendar of French Cooking*, published every year by Hastings House. But *The Omelette Book*, first published in 1955 by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. and reprinted last year, is the creation of Narcissa Chamberlain alone. An English edition has appeared, and *Das Omelett Buch* is making her famous in West Germany. The book contains nearly 300 recipes for omelets, with a choice of Spanish, Italian, Russian and Chinese versions, besides many variations of the classic French dish.

But where does one begin? I asked Mrs. Chamberlain to describe the essential steps in preparing the basic French *omelette*. The first requirement, she specified, is the selection of impeccably fresh eggs and the best butter. From that point on, here are the important things to know and do:

The pan should be the shape of a frying pan, but rounded inside, with "sloping shoulders"; it can be of heavyweight aluminum or of heavyweight French steel. It should be reserved for omelets only, and kept oiled, so as always to be "slidy"; wiped out with oil and soft paper before and after use, but never washed. (Adhering particles of egg may be removed with coarse salt and oil.) A new pan must be seasoned by heating oil in it very slowly. Use a pan about 10 inches in top diameter for a 5- or 6-egg omelet for 4 people; for a larger number of people, cook several omelets successively.

Beating the eggs: The eggs, broken in a bowl, with salt and pepper and half a teaspoon of water per egg (milk makes an omelet tough), should never be beaten with an egg beater as this thins them. "Takes all the joy out of them," Mrs. Chamberlain said, "unless they are beaten for a very long time." She continued: "I use only a fork, and beat towards me. I beat the eggs for just 30 seconds or a few seconds more, but I beat very, very vigorously; 45 seconds is probably about right for most people."

Cooking the omelet: "The place where many cooks go wrong is in heating the pan too fast. Warm it slowly over medium heat; it is at the right temperature when a tiny bit of butter sizzles but does not turn brown. Now add a few drops of oil to keep the pan 'slidy,' together with the amount of butter required in a generous tablespoon for a 6-egg omelet. Tilt and turn the pan to coat its surface; cook on moderate heat till the frothing bubbles of butter have subsided. Now, in go the seasoned eggs. Stir around with the flat of a fork a couple of times, tilt the pan, and shake back and forth as the eggs set, to keep the omelet slipping and free. Lift edges here and there to let the liquid part run under."

To fold and turn out: "While the surface of the eggs is still soft, grasp the handle of the pan with your left hand from underneath (see picture opposite), and with a rubber spatula or scraper held in the right hand fold the omelet over from left side to center. Tilt the pan so that the omelet slips to the edge of the pan. Now, discarding the spatula, hold a platter with your right hand close up to the omelet pan, and with your left hand turn the pan completely over on it. The omelet, neatly folded, should then be in position on the platter."

Once these instructions for the plain omelet have been mastered, there are many exciting changes to be tried—the addition of fresh herbs or grated cheese in the omelet itself, or of delicate vegetables such as okra or fresh asparagus tips in a slit made lengthwise in the top surface, or the swathing of the omelet in a rich sauce. Here, from Narcissa Chamberlain, is one example of the possibilities:

SHRIMP OMELET MIREPOIX

(A miry sauce for an omelet serving 4)

- 4 teaspoons butter
- 2 tablespoons grated raw carrot
- 2 tablespoons minced onion
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon fine-chopped parsley
- small piece celery with leaves, chopped fine
- half a bay leaf
- small pinch marjoram
- small pinch thyme
- salt and pepper
- 2 tablespoons plus 1 teaspoon tomato paste
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry white wine
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup clear chicken broth
- 1 teaspoon brandy
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup diced cooked shrimp

Melt butter in a small, heavy pan. Add minced vegetables, herbs and seasoning, and sauté 6 to 8 minutes. Add tomato paste, white wine, chicken broth and brandy. Cover and simmer for 15 minutes or until reduced by one third. Add diced shrimp and continue over fire until these are well heated. Spoon half the sauce over center of a 6-egg omelet before folding; pour rest of sauce over folded omelet on platter.

Behold the peripatetic coyote

Writer Martin finds these furtive invaders are pushing their way into the woodlands and fields of eastern states

ONE SNOWY DAY last deer season my neighbor George Nykun, a lad of 18, was still-hunting in a brushy flat of our Peququet Valley in northwest New Jersey. Nosing intently along a frozen deer trail, toward him came a furtive, tawny-gray canine with sharp ears pricked high, hushy tail trailing low. George took it to be a truant farm dog tracking venison. He called, "Hey, boy, where you think you're goin'?"

The creature whirled, eyed George furtively for an instant, then took off at a swift, flat lope. Instinctively George realized that this was no domestic dog but a wild thing whose like he'd never seen. He quickly whipped up his gun and planted a load of buckshot in the fugitive's neck and head.

George let me take his kill, which weighed 43½ pounds, to T. Donald Carter of the American Museum of Natural History for identification. As I had suspected, the verdict was: "Northern coyote with an admixture, perhaps one-eighth or one-quarter, of shepherd, collie or maybe chow." Doggish features revealed by dissection were a wide palate, heavy teeth and jaw structure. All other characteristics were typically coyotish.

Three days after George Nykun's encounter, 12-year-old Duane Muldoon Jr. of Butler, N.J. was taken out deer hunting by his grandfather. They went up on Bearfort Mountain, a long timbered ridge about 40 miles northeast of the Peququet Valley and a like distance from Times Square. Grandpa put Duane Jr. on watch near a swampy hollow. The boy had a single-barreled 12-gauge shotgun which he had never fired before. It was his first big-game hunt.

"I saw this animal coming my way," Duane relates, "and I thought it was a big gray fox. He turned sideways—that's what gave me a good

shot—and I knocked him down dead.

"We let him lie there all day but carried him home with us. We took him to Mr. Babcock [Samuel D. Babcock, municipal clerk for the bounty, but he couldn't give me the \$3. He said it wasn't a fox. He didn't know what it was.

"We got Garry Westervelt, the game warden, to come up from Paterson. He took it down there, and several men guessed it was a coyote."

State biologists confirmed the guess: pure northern coyote, a gray-phase male in prime coat, weight about 30 pounds.

Most Jerseyites were surprised if

not alarmed to hear of coyotes in their backyards instead of just in their TV horse operas, but I wasn't. From 1946 until three years ago I lived near Cooperstown, N.Y., not far below the Adirondacks. In that time, coyotes and coy-dog hybrids so increased throughout New York's northern counties that the state instituted a trapping and study program to control them. Some of us hunted them hard with hounds in the dead of winter.

Instead of diminishing, the creatures have multiplied and extended their range. Every county in Vermont has now reported coyotes. So have New Hampshire, western Massachusetts, northwest Connecticut. They have been killed in and below the Catskills and in northern Pennsyl-



FROZEN CARCASS of the strange animal bagged in northern New Jersey is supported by Hunter George Nykun. It turned out to be part coyote and part dog.



A COY-DOG, a hybrid of the domestic dog and the wild coyote, can grow up to be a big menace to farmers.



A PURE COYOTE of the type now moving into the East is a low-tailed, foxy-faced animal with a slinky gait, and it is usually on the run.

vania. Now, following the Appalachian chain, they have evidently added the wilds of north Jersey to their habitat.

For those of us who deplore Exurbia's encroachment on the wilderness, this is news on a par with the comebacks of the heaver and wild turkey. But the case of the coyote is different. The others were invited back, even coaxed. The coyote wasn't invited, and he never lived in the East before.

The sporadic appearance of a few coyotes in New York State during and just after World War II was ascribed to pups taken as pets to Pine Camp near Watertown by western recruits, or brought back from trips to the Coast by tourists. A wider view of all reports over a longer period points to a genuine migration of the northern coyote ("brush wolf") southeastward from upper Michigan and Ontario. It has been a move comparable to the northward shift of the gray fox and the opossum and to the southward march of the porcupine, which is now under way.

Back in the 1940s many of the specimens shot, trapped or poisoned on the sandy barrens and marginal farmlands below Adirondack Forest Preserve bore strong outward evidences of blood-crossing with domestic dogs. Cecil Gotts, the state trapper at Dolgeville, N.Y., who has taken more than 300 coyotes and coy-dogs in the past dozen years, showed me one litter he took near Trenton Falls whose rufous pelts clearly bespoke either Irish setter or red chow ancestry.

In later years such hybrids have become more rare, less obvious. True

coyote characteristics have predominated in 80% of 120 carcasses examined by Dr. William Hamilton at Cornell University. The conclusion is that the coyotes have now established themselves and asserted their own blood's dominance.

Out trout fishing in the eastern wilds this spring and summer, or deer hunting next autumn, if you should meet up with a coyote or coy-dog, you can tell him from man's best friend by several points. The face is triangular and foxy, not long and wolfish. It is broad through the eyes, with large, sharp ears spaced widely, muzzle narrow and shallow, nose patch round and small. The upper lip, cheek, chest and belly are whitish, the back dark gray shading off into fulvous. The bushy tail is straight and never carried high. The footprint is narrower than a dog's, proportionately, with the two front toenails conspicuous. The coyote steps almost in line, like a fox, often putting a hind-foot in the print of the front.

GOOD PROVIDERS

Eastern coyotes mate in late January, usually for life. They whelp in ledges, caves or dug dens after 63 days of gestation. The males are dutiful providers until the pups, from four to a dozen, are grown. They travel in pairs and families rather than packs. They seldom "sing" in ululating chorus or solo as their western brethren do, but they yap enough in the evening to live up to their Latin name, *Canis latrans* (barking dog).

Coyotes and coy-dogs are capable of pulling down deer, especially snow-bound starvelings, but they seldom do so when they can find smaller game—

woodchucks, rabbits, squirrels, mice, moles—or carrion. They also consume birds, frogs, snakes, insects and grapes and other fruit. They haunt remote village dumps. Made bold by a hard winter they will move in to take poultry, piglets, sheep, even calves. A mangy, half-starved specimen killed this winter in Washington County, N.Y., was attacking cattle.

Their favorite ranges are the edges of old burns or man-made clearings in timber tracts, also outlying farms where hillside pastures support a few livestock. They run old tote roads, forest truck trails, railroad rights-of-way, deer paths along woody streams.

Trapping coyotes and coy-dogs is a rugged pursuit, for they are wiler than any fox. The bait that Cecil Gotts concocts is a horrid mishmash of decaying meat, glands and fish, scented with urine from a captive she-coyote in heat. He uses a circle of smoked traps buried lightly, staked heavily.

As sporting quarry, the eastern coyote and coy-dog present a stern challenge to houndsmen and their packs. Not every hound will trail them, especially if the dog-cross is strong enough to dilute wild scent, but those that do are in for rugged hunting. The gamiest of red foxes will seldom run more than, say, 20 miles before going to earth. Eastern coyotes and coy-dogs never hole up, and their course, when they know they are pursued, will seldom be a closed one. Born wanderers, they would just as soon light out of their home region and keep right on going, into trackless parts where a man can't follow even if he guesses the line. **END**



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Tip from the Top

Contacting the ball with the putter

An important thing to remember when putting is the action of the ball itself. A ball that is struck in the center runs much truer than one struck below or above the center. The latter reacts to any irregularity of the green, but the ball hit amidships rolls over most green imperfections without losing its line.

With this in mind I advise my pupils to modify in their own minds the old rule to keep the putter as low to the ground as possible. If you put a ball down on your living room carpet or on a green and place one of today's narrow-bladed putters behind it, you will notice that the center of the ball is in line with the top of the blade. Consequently, when you putt, you should make a small adjustment in your stroke and concentrate on bringing the center of the blade through the center of the ball. When you make this kind of contact you'll hear that nice crisp sound all good putters produce.

On uphill putts I think you will find you'll get a helpfully strong overspin on the ball if you shut the face of putter slightly. Conversely, on downhill putts where delicacy is needed, the face of the putter is "turned uphill," or laid back just a shade.



Shut face slightly for uphill putts



Open face for downhill putts



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Courtesy of Amsterdam Museum

SPORT IN ART

Duel in the turn

Bathed in the violent glare of the spotlights which pick them out as they battle wheel to wheel, two cyclists are caught at a climactic moment of the race. Theo van Doesburg painted them for a competition sponsored by Prince Bernhard prior to the 1956 Olympic Games. Almost a forgotten sport in America, bicycle races will be revived this month when the first six-day race since 1948 will be staged in New York.

Field day for the underdogs

Upstarts like Louisville eliminated many of the favored teams even before the NCAA tournament moved to the semifinal round

REGARDLESS of the outcome of the final round this weekend, this year's NCAA championship competition will go into the records as the Tournament of Upsets. Never before have so many favored teams been so outrageously trimmed by underdogs. Navy's 76-63 slaughter of North Carolina in the very first round started the string of surprises, but it remained for the team that entered the tournament with one of the worst records, Louisville, to wreck all predictions and national ratings. Louisville had won 16 and lost 10, but even that was misleading because, in the matter of success in road games—always the test of a team's poise and ability—the Cardinals appeared sadly inept. They played 11 games away from home and lost nine of them.

They came out on the floor against a typically sound Kentucky team in Evanston, Ill. last weekend and, after 10 minutes, they were 15 points behind, defending passively and attacking haphazardly. They were hanging back, allowing Kentucky to set up its patterns—with single, double and triple screens—and seemed headed for another 30-point disaster. Then Louisville Coach Peck Hickman, a stocky, square-faced taskmaster, called time out and changed the defensive strategy. The Cardinals caught fire as instantaneously as tinder under a blowtorch. Louisville began picking up Kentucky at mid-court and beyond and, unbelievable as it sounds for a Rupp-coached team, Kentucky's attack and general poise swiftly withered away in the face of this simple pressure. At the same time, Louisville's Don Goldstein and John Turner began hitting no better than 50% of their long-range shots. At the end, Louisville was the winner by 15 points, 76-61. The next night, against tenacious Michigan State, another

well-coached crew, Goldstein and Turner continued their phenomenal shooting and Peck Hickman gambled successfully on defense. He conceded State's guards their outside shots and collapsed his three tallest players around Michigan's great John Green. Well, the guards couldn't hit, and Green (though he managed 29 points and 23 rebounds) couldn't win the game by himself.

Can the Cardinals continue this inspired rampage in the final round? Yes, if the amazingly accurate shooting holds up; that could demoralize any opponent. No, if the many sophomores on the squad throw the ball away too often.

West Virginia will be Louisville's first opponent in the finals, having gained their place on the strength of

two superb performances by Jerry West in the regionals at Charlotte, N.C. Against St. Joseph's he had 36 points and 15 rebounds; against Boston he had 33 and 17. And he was his team's best defensive player.

In the western half of the draw, the irresistible force of Cincinnati's offense, built around and sparked by Oscar Robertson, will meet the immovable object of California's hard-nose defense. Robertson enabled Cincinnati to get by tough Kansas State by shucking his role of high scorer and feeding teammates instead. He had "only" 24 points, but 13 assists.

California, whose towel-chewing Coach Pete Newell has always gained more satisfaction out of harassing opponents into errors than in scoring himself, beat both Utah and St. Mary's just that way. Their constant pressure held both opponents to their lowest scores yet. (See page 6.)

FOR SCOUTING REPORTS ON FOUR SEMIFINAL TEAMS, TURN THE PAGE

CARDINAL HERO Don Goldstein is home in triumph from court after Louisville's upset of Kentucky; he also shared in glory of win over Michigan State next night.



End of the line: the last four

The young men and their coaches pictured and described on these pages have been thinking, dreaming and playing basketball for nearly six straight months now. If they weren't still undefeated in the tournament, the four coaches probably would be unpacking their old fishing gear or getting golf clubs down from the attic. The players would be catching up on studies or on romances with coeds. They are not, of course, unhappy about going to Louisville, and they will appear there with immense pride and all the skill they can muster. But it's been a long season, and the pressure at this point is heavy indeed. If one team can throw off this burden, it will transcend the wisdom of any scouting report and will surely be the winner.

REBOUNDING On the record, against all opponents, Cincinnati and West Virginia are toughest, Louisville the weakest, yet Louisville beat both Michigan State and Kentucky on the boards. One reason is that Louisville has three men of equal effectiveness—Turner, Sawyer and Goldstein—to be blocked out, and they are getting better with each game. Robertson, West and Imhoff are far the best on their teams, of course, and none of them is easy to contain. Imhoff is greatly improved. He was badly beaten on the boards by St. Mary's strong Tom Meachery in their first meeting this season, turned the tables when they met last weekend. This improvement enables other Cal players to move out closer to rival shooters. For his size (6 feet 3), West may be the best anywhere; in this tournament thus far, he has repeatedly come off the defensive board with the ball when West Virginia was behind, and triggered fast breaks. Robertson has been rebounding successfully against players up to six inches taller than he is all season; he did well against TCU's 6-foot-10 Kirchner and Kansas State's 6-foot-8 Boozer and Frank. In both games he had good support from Tenwick and Wessenhahn. He and West can play anywhere and still handle defensive and offensive boardwork, because of their superb sense of anticipation and timing.

DEFENSE Conceding the fact that California plays in ball-control territory, their defensive record is still outstanding. Against nondeliberate Utah, they pressed so forcibly that the Utes were only able to get off 43 shots and were beaten by nearly 20 points, though their percentage was better than Cal's. Against Cincinnati, Cal will likely press all the way, with McClintock on Robertson and Imhoff double-teaming him and Fitzpatrick harassing the first dribbler. As usual, too, Pete Newell will have some surprises in this department. Cincinnati's defense in the Kansas State game was the major

1 CINCINNATI



CARL BOULON, G
6 FEET 5, 165, SOPH.



O. ROBERTSON, F
6 FEET 5, 197, JR.



RALPH DAVIS, G
6 FEET 4, 160, JR.



BOB WESSENHAHN, F
6 FEET 4, 212, SOPH.



DAVE TENWICK, G
6 FEET 6, 166, SR.



GEORGE SMITH
COACH

2 WEST VIRGINIA



WILLIE AKERS, F
6 FEET 5, 162, JR.



JERRY WEST, F
6 FEET 3, 176, JR.



BOB SMITH, G
6 FEET 4, 188, SR.



BUCKY BOLYARD, G
6 FEET 11, 168, SR.



BOB CLOUSSON, G
6 FEET 6, 200, SR.



FRED SCHAAS
COACH

factor in the victory, forcing State into many hurried shots and mechanical errors. At other times—against Bradley and TCU, for example—it has been mediocre. West Virginia always gets top-grade defense from West in the clutch, and in the Boston U. game got a fine job from Akers, who held Washington to 6 points. They also use a zone press frequently. Louisville, and especially their sophomores, appear weakest in this area, easily faked into leaving their feet, stabbing at passes to no effect and often committing silly fouls. All teams seem to prefer switching man-to-man, but Louisville occasionally uses a combination of man-to-man out front and a three-man zone inside. At least it looks that way.

OFFENSE For the season, these are the shooting percentages: Cincinnati, .476; West Virginia, .461; California, .407; Louisville, .350. Yet, if a new season began next week, the chances are that Louisville would climb considerably in the standings. How else is it possible to account for the fact that against two strong defensive teams—Michigan State and Kentucky—they shot at much better than 50% during their second-half drives to victory? Cincinnati's percentage must also be qualified somewhat because Mike Mendenhall, second only to Robertson in accuracy with .513, is ineligible for this tournament because he played for a few minutes during the 1955-56 season before being injured and withdrawing. The absence of his shooting and playmaking ability has also thrust the task of chief quarterback on Robertson, a burden Robertson has thus far assumed easily and with no sloughing off of his other duties. In the tournament he has brilliantly set up his teammates by offering himself as decoy, drawing two defenders and hitting his free man with perfect passes. Davis is a threat outside and from the corner, though his shooting was off somewhat against K-State and TCU. Robertson often feeds Tenwick so well that it takes a good big man to

handle him. The West Virginians have great stamina, will press all night on defense and run all night on offense. All year, however, they have had trouble clinching a game once they gain the lead. With a big man on him, West will usually move outside; against someone his size he takes over the pivot. At either spot he is accurate and deceptive. California's deliberate attack sets up Fitzpatrick outside, and up to 25 feet he hits well. Imhoff does a reasonably good job on tip-ins, and his fall-away hooks are improving. Louisville's recent phenomenal shooting has come off screens set up by a well-handled weave, with Turner hitting better from the corner and Goldstein from off the top of the key. Undereneath, Sawyer's 6 feet 11 is a threat in itself, though he has little deception. The two guards, Tieman and Andrews, have also been hitting at close to 50% lately; altogether, the offense has upheld Peck Hickman's preseason prediction of becoming a late-blooming beauty.

SUMMING-UP Cincinnati should beat California, because it does not seem reasonable that anything even Pete Newell throws at Robertson in the way of defense will stop this truly extraordinary athlete. If it keeps him from scoring, such a defense would probably leave one of Robertson's teammates clear and Robertson will get the ball to him. True, Cincinnati's own defense has been extremely erratic, but Cal does not appear to be strong enough offensively to take full advantage of it. Louisville has been playing either over its head or certainly up to its full potential, whereas West Virginia has yet to put together a real team effort in this tournament. A slight falling off by the Cardinals, inevitable sometime, and a first-rate effort by the Mountaineers, also overdue, and it's West Virginia against Cincinnati in the final. O.K., we like Jerry West too, but we think Oscar Robertson is better. That's what makes horse racing—and basketball.

3 LOUISVILLE



JOHN TURNER, F
6 FEET 5, 205, SOPH.



ROGER TIEMAN, G
6 FEET, 175, JR.



DON GOLDSTEIN, F
6 FEET 6, 165, SR.



FRED SAWYER, G
6 FEET 11, 220, SOPH.



H. ANDREWS, G
6 FEET 3, 162, SR.



PECK HICKMAN
COACH

4 CALIFORNIA



BILL MCCLINTOCK, F
6 FEET 6, 215, SOPH.



AL BUCH, G
6 FEET 3, 160, SR.



O. FITZPATRICK, G
6 FEET, 160, SR.



BOB DALTON, F
6 FEET 3, 175, SR.



DARRELL IMHOFF, F
6 FEET 10, 208, JR.



PETE NEWELL
COACH



Ski Tip

WILLY SCHAEFFLER

Ski Coach, University of Denver

QUESTION: At what point should a skier start using a pole to make his turns, and what is the right way to use a pole in long, sweeping turns and in short, linked turns?



LONG TURN starts with forward movement of left shoulder and pole while right hand and shoulder move back. This reverse position is held throughout turn. Plant pole halfway to ski tip and in so nearly vertical a position as possible. Use gentle wrist and arm motion or pole will catch in snow and jump back at you. Palm faces forward and slightly upward, then turns toward body as pole goes in. Drawings below show how hand position changes as pole is pulled (left) and then wrist rotates so that as hand is raised it is in proper position to plant pole for the next turn.



PULLING POLE UP



ROTATING PALM



Drawings by Ben Stevenson

SHORT TURN technique is designed to get pole in and out quickly. Shoulders do not move while planting poles but face directly downhill at all times as ski angle from side to side. Skier above is finishing right turn and left arm is raised, ready to position pole for left turn. Right hand has pulled pole from snow and is bringing it forward for next right turn.



PARKS WITH PRIDE
IN THE POSHEST PLACES,
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By jet to the land of Heavenly Mountains

Still exotic but no longer isolated, rosy Alma-Ata is an aspiring St. Moritz where Soviet boys ski past the usual statuary and Kazakhs and Uzbeks skate on a great rink

Photographs by Horace Sutton

As the propless crow flies there are just two stops on the jet air route between the Borough of Queens in the State of New York and Alma-Ata, the winter sports city in the Central Asian Republic of Kazakhstan in the Soviet Union, 237 miles from the Chinese border.

On paper, and I presume on the ground, Queens and Kazakhstan are just 7,529 miles apart, a distance which the new U.S. jets and the three-year-old Russian Tupolevs, whose routes link in Paris, can chew up in less than 15 hours. On a recent Sunday night, instead of an evening at home with Sullivan, my wife and I decided to spend an evening abroad with Pan American; and grasping the coattails of a brisk following wind we flew off to Paris in six hours and 34 minutes. There on the following day we were to board the Russian jet which flies from Paris to Moscow twice a week, covering the 1,540 miles in about three and a half hours.

Arriving at Le Bourget Field, we discovered that the Tupolev was in Brussels. Thoughtfully, the Russians handed out tickets on the Belgian airline so we could fly up to meet it. It was our first encounter with the

Tupolev which, we came to learn, is possessed of a somewhat Callasque temperament, frequently delivering a dazzling performance, but highly independent, not always considerate of the paying customers and, like all divas, ultrasensitive to the weather.

On takeoff the Tupolev snits C above high C, but once in the air it whips along at better than 500 miles an hour, usually at an altitude of 30,000 feet. In the interests of avoiding blackouts, should the pressurization fail, oxygen masks connected to sinister black cables are tucked into the pockets of the seats. To avoid red-outs, the magazine racks are stuffed with enough propaganda to subvert a charter chapter of the D.A.R. During the three and a half hours we flew with the Russians, we learned that Lithuania had been taken over at the request of the Lithuanians to prevent the spread of Western imperialism, and that the reason that American authorities permitted the recent wave of "gruesome" jokes to flourish is that these jokes inspire sadistic, aggressive qualities in future soldiers.

We floated to earth in Moscow on a Tuesday evening, and it was agreed

to catch the Friday plane for Alma-Ata and spend the weekend deep in the snows of Kazakhstan. Aeroflot's Tupolev departs Moscow for Alma-Ata daily at the handy hour of 5:45 a.m., which requires anyone staying in a downtown Moscow hotel to leave a call for 3 a.m. We were saved from this fate when, on Thursday afternoon, on the eve of our departure, the temperamental Tupolev for Alma-Ata was canceled. We were left with the choice of a 15-hour paddle-jumping flight on an Ilyushin 14—it is, after all, 2,125 miles from Moscow to the capital of Kazakhstan—or else a three-hour flight to Tashkent on the jet route to India and a short connecting flight to Alma-Ata. We chose the jet which, on paper anyway, flies daily to Tashkent at 11:25 in the morning. On the day we chose to take it, however, it chose to leave at 9. There followed thereafter a series of happenstances which I noted in abbreviated form and was later able to smuggle out of Russia under my swollen eyelids.

FRIDAY. Rose to jangle of bells at 6 a.m. Shaved, dressed and waited

continued

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for breakfast. Telephone rang. Unidentified voice said in English that flight was delayed until noon. Dawn not due until about 10 a.m. Town pretty dead. Read *Inside Russia Today*. Gunther says "Alma-Ata wants to be St. Moritz." 10:30 a.m. Telephone rang again. Flight delayed until 5:45 a.m. Saturday morning. That night went to bed 6 p.m., set alarm for 3 a.m.

SATURDAY. Alarm rang at 3 a.m. Shaved, dressed. Sleepy waiter appeared with breakfast. 3:30. Phone rang. Flight delayed until noon. Looked out window. Red stars glowing on Kremlin towers. Wondered whether Serov's successor was softening us up. By now am ready to confess to antiparty deviations. Noon. They come for us. Drag us off to airport in black Zim. Put in Tupolev 104. Doors close. I would be as complacent if it were Luhanka. It sits on field for one hour and a half. Suddenly shoots down runway, taking us to exile in Tashkent in far-off Uzbekistan at 500 miles an hour.

Two things of note happened on our arrival in Central Asia three and a half hours later. It was discovered that five miles up over Mother Russia, Vadim—who had been assigned by Intourist, the Soviet travel bureau, to be our mouthpiece while in the country—had blown an eardrum. Secondly, we were met by Sagfried Dubrofsky, a young fur-hatted Grover Whalen who greets visitors on behalf of the local Intourist agency. Dubrofsky's greeting to us was that a congress of cotton pickers had descended on the town to celebrate their meeting of the year's quota, and in view of our many delays he had been unable to hold our rooms. We retired to the airport restaurant to drown our miseries in a bowl of vodka—I could cheerfully have drowned Dubrofsky—and to see what manner of *haute cuisine* to shake the very foundations of Escoffier emanates from an Uzbek kitchen in an airport 3,500 miles from Lapérouse.

The setting could hardly be more splendid. The dining room has lavender walls, great crystal chandeliers and those looping satin drapes that hang in the cafes of Vienna. There wasn't a *Sacherforte* in sight, but the place was jumping with Uzbeks, who sat about the tables in black-

and-white skullcaps hovering over giant soup bowls called *kass*. A pair of Russians were at the next table. They had been joined by a third, a man equipped with *bifokalne oshky*, eyeglasses so thick they seemed to have been cut from the bottom of milk bottles. All three now—I could have sworn they were clothing merchants from West 26th Street—turned around to stare at my wife, doubtless the only American girl for miles around. They were only outdone at this practice by the Uzbeks, who moved in so close that I began passing out cigarettes. They responded by placing their hands over their hearts and bowing slightly, but it hardly deterred them from enjoying the refreshing American view of what one of our interpreters referred to as my "dearest half." Indeed the dearest half was lapping it up, and in view of the tenets of the share-alike society, I began to think of her as the People's Wife.

As for our hotel room, it was clear that some quota-meeting Uzbek had got his cotton-picking hands on our reservations, and there was nothing for Dubrofsky to do but dump us at the airport inn, a cheerless, bathless ramshackle Roto Broil, suffocating with heat.

The only note of cheer the next morning were the *blinichiki* prepared at the airport's lavender restaurant. The Uzbeks had long since folded their tents, but our three Russians were there—indeed, they had shared our pyre in the airport inn that night—and were now about to fly off with us to Alma-Ata. Our three Russians waved us aboard and then filled in behind us. Presently, Bifokalne Oshky, whose glasses froze his face in a look of constant surprise, sat down alongside us and cleared his throat. "Khow [as in Khrushchev] are you filling?" he asked. I was, as a matter of fact, filling that I should have stood in Lake Placid. "Twenty years ago I visit United States," he said. "Klivland, Detroit, Bultemoor." Rummaging through my bag I found a phrase book I had been ready to jettison days before when I discovered that "Look out!" was "Boof-tyeh-us-tah-

rouzh-nih!" (By the time you get that out somebody is unconscious.) What with flipping the phrase-book pages and comparing living conditions between Bultemoor and Klivvland 20 years ago, the two-and-three-quarter-hour trip from Tashkent to Alma-Ata went by before you could say "Boof-tyeh-us-tah-rouzh-nih!" Just as Dubrofsky and Vadim had promised, an interpreter was waiting for us at the door of the plane. His name was Anatole and he could interpret very well, in either Russian or French.

RIGHT OFF SCHEDULE

It was Sunday afternoon, just a week after we had set out to spend a jet-propelled weekend at Alma-Ata. After lunch Anatole took us through the city, covered with snow, down an avenue of leafless poplars, with the great white shoulders of the Tien Shan range, the Heavenly Mountains, rising out of the end of the road. Youngsters skated down the highway, and Kazakh farmers sat on low sleighs and were pulled by donkeys. Huge sleds piled high and wide with hay came skimming over the white roads, and boys skidded down hills on runner-and-handlebar contraptions made out of one continuous piece of bent rod. Nearly all the houses in Alma-Ata are painted rose, and the ladies emerged from them and walked to the street corners to fill their pails at the open-air pumps.

Alma-Ata is certainly less than St. Moritz, but it is also much more than

SKY-HIGH RISK. Visitingory Katok, is protected year round from wind and sun by Tien Shan range.



a Swiss resort in the mountains. For one thing it has a population of 400,000—mostly Kazakhs, but also Russians, Ukrainians, Uzbeks and Chinese Moslems. It sits astride the old silk route to China, at 2,425 feet, and since 1929 has been the capital of the Kazakh Republic, a vast preserve whose farthest border is 2,800 miles away. The Kazakhs, who resemble Mongolians, used to be largely nomads. They rode camels and horses, made their clothing out of sheepskins and knew nothing of trains, let alone planes, until 1930. Looking around for the most remote place in his dukedom, it was to Alma-Ata that Stalin banished Trotsky after they parted isms.

Alma-Ata (which is pronounced with the accent on the last syllable of both words) means Father of Apples. Aside from an abundance of the McIntosh variety, the metropolis also turns out a quantity of Soviet champagne that is highly regarded on the home grounds, and a number of college graduates, any one of whom is more highly educated than the most quick-witted nomadic Kazakh of old.

Before 1955, Alma-Ata was all but closed to the world. It had no foreign tourists at all. Things changed after the 20th Party Congress, the meeting noted for Khrushchev's denunciation of Stalin. In 1956 there were 15 tourists; in 1957 there were 167. Of the 565 who came in 1958, one out of five was from the U.S., the rest from 24 different countries. All of them stayed at the lone, ramshackle hotel, where dark-cloaked figures huddle in the lobby, never removing their hats, and other guests skitter about the corridors and the lobby in striped pajamas, a rig no less fashionable in Soviet hotel circles than gray flannels and a blue blazer at Monte Carlo.

At mealtime the third-floor restaurant fills with a medley of Asiatics, golden Mongols with drooping white mustaches, beige Kazakhs, once nomads in sheep's clothing but now got up in store clothes with party decorations dripping from their lapels. Much of this will be lost to the traveler's view when Intourist opens a new hotel at the end of this year, but at least the traveler's lot here in this Asiatic St. Moritz-to-be will be easier. As things stand, the menu is printed only in Russian, a technicality which required us to order all our meals through Anatole. Once, for dessert, we ended up with two small



ALMA-ATA RESORT lies deep in central Asia astride historic silk route to China, only 600 miles from Samarkand. North by 1,000 miles from torrid heat of New Delhi, the once-isolated paradise is as close to Peking as Moscow but is cut off from rest of Orient by towering Tien Shan and Himalayas, on northeast Indian border.

chocolate bars for which we were later charged \$1.50. And a breakfast which Anatole ordered the night before, only after an earnest conference with us, arrived in our rooms at the prescribed hour the next morning; but instead of oranges, toast and coffee it was three bowls of soup.

Most of the tourists come to Alma-Ata in summer, when it is bursting with leafy trees, with plums, apricots, cherries and grapes and when its famed apples hang heavy in the orchards. But in winter it is cloaked in soft powdery snow from early November until the beginning of April. On Sunday afternoons all of almond-eyed Alma-Ata turns out to skate around the frozen track in the city stadium while the loudspeakers moan Italian love songs and the Heavenly Mountains, heavenly white tinted with the maraschino of the late sun, are a massive barrier reef in the sky.

FOR SERIOUS SKATING

Many competitions are held in the downtown outdoor skating rink, which is flooded and frozen, in the Park of Culture and Rest. But serious skating takes place on Alma-Ata's famed rink in the Male-Almatinsky Gorge, 12 miles out of town. The Committee of Sport of the Council of Ministers of the Kazakh Republic insists it had no orders from Moscow, nor any notions about the 1964 Olympics when the Visokogorny Katok, or high-mountain skating rink, was built back in 1951. The site was

picked, they say, because it was handy to the road, the river was just alongside and the mountains protect it from the sun and wind. It proved to be a good pick. Over 50 world records have been set here since opening day and the Russians who got their training here have been world beaters.

Despite the mystery that has grown up about Visokogorny, the rink is merely a piece of flatland of nondescript shape, tucked in a pocket at the 5,400-foot level. It is frozen with mountain water that is pure melted snow and free of all mineral salts. Although I journeyed up to the gorge at different times of the day I never saw the ice with a smalt of sunlight on it. By all odds it is the best rink in the Soviet Union. Skaters from all over Russia come each winter for a fortnight of competition for the Kazakh Soviet Socialist Republic Council of Ministers' Prize.

While it has achieved a certain international notoriety, the rink is true to the principles of Soviet utilitarian austerity. Nothing has been done to make the place attractive. There are a few primitive tribunes, usually covered with snow, and one drab shack is the only building near it. Visiting teams stay at the Medeo Rest Center, a sort of combination hotel and nursing home where Soviet workers come to gird themselves against future quota-meeting efforts.

Alma-Ata may be famous abroad for its skating, but the main mass

continued

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HEAVENLY MOUNTAINS *catfished*

sport of the Kazakh Republic is not skating but skiing. Men and boys ski down the boulevards, along the frozen snow-covered river beds. On the highways they slip around the donkey-pulled sleds and the old-Buick-like Zims like Vespas tormenting an elephant. Downhill and slalom skiing are practiced at Gorelnik, a camp for skiers and Soviet tourists two miles up in the mountains beyond the Visokogorny skating rink. The only way in is by a Gaz 57, the Soviet version of the jeep, named for its factory, the Gorky Automobile Plant.

Led by the redoubtable Anatole we bounced and jostled our way up to Gorelnik one sunlit afternoon and found it steeped in pines, snow and Slavic solitude. Three horseback riders nodded along the rim of a mountain trail. A caretaker chopped wood in front of his cottage. Three cows, brought up to supply the skiers, nibbled on hay strewn in the snow. Up the slopes, in between the great pines, we could see the stanchions of the lone T-bar lift that takes practiced skiers to Chimboulac for the beginning of the giant slalom course. And farther still was the crag of Abai, a peak named for a 19th century Uzbek writer and composer, looking down at us from 13,260 feet.

A new lift being built in Czechoslovakia will add another 500 feet to the present T bar, taking advanced skiers even higher in the Kazakh mountains. But there are nursery slopes too, and 60 tovarishes sent by sports societies come to Gorelnik at a time, for 10 days of ski instruction, rest and mountain air. All accommodations are in dormitories, and afternoon naps are obligatory. Ski boots, poles and skis are all provided by the management, and the bill is not paid by the fledgling skier but by his trade union or sports society that sent him.

IT'S A LONG WAY TO ST. MORITZ

While all of these winter sports showed a formidable activity, Alma-Ata still seemed a long way from becoming St. Moritz *à la russe*, and to learn more about future plans I requested a meeting with a member of the local sports committee. The interview was granted immediately, on one day's notice, and we were ushered into a room filled with 21 committee members, four bottles of carbonated apple juice and several piles of Alma-Ata apples.



SCULPTURED YOUTH, seemingly throwing snowball, decorates exterior of hotel.

Each committee member was introduced in turn, and the representative from the Dynamo sports club started a trend by pinning us with emblems of his society. He had no trouble with my lapel, but he came a cropper with the People's Wife who was wearing a fuzzy mohair sweater imported from the shelves of far-off Lord & Taylor. After pinning the seal of the Dynamos to fuzz a few times, the Dynamo man with trembling fingers finally hit enough yarn to secure a successful planting. Flashbulbs popped. He took his seat dripping with perspiration, and I was therefore surprised at the clan of other badge-wielders who followed in order until at last our chests glistened with more enamel than Marshal Zhukov ever wore in his salad days.

The chairman assured us that the Kazakh Republic was very young in the matter of sports, but that under the aegis of Marxist-Lenin dialectic materialism, 32 sports are now being enjoyed by the Kazakh people. By 1965, under the seven-year plan, the Sports Committee of the Council of Ministers of the Kazakh Soviet Socialist Republic fully expects

that sports development will, in the near future, be tripled.

Toasting each other in carbonated apple juice we said goodbye and were presented as a farewell gift with an enormous quantity of sporting books and pamphlets, all of them printed in Kazakh.

At that, the meeting with the sports committee was only our second most memorable farewell, for that night we were tendered a small reception by the local agency of Intourist. It was given by the Intourist manager, a diminutive Kazakh named Dgapar Tnaline, who has bronze skin, broad Asiatic features, a quick smile and heart trouble. For an interpreter he had produced, at last, someone who spoke English, a Kazakh beauty named Maya, who only last summer had spent 45 days in England and who, despite these cosmopolitan travels, flushed through her brown skin at the mere mention of girls or boys.

Tnaline was disposed to explain how primitive things were before the October Revolution, and his comment that a man wishing to marry a girl had to give her father 45 horses produced an enormous blush from Maya. All that was over now, he said, and Kazakhs were marrying for love. They had also been liberated from the Moslem rule about liquor. Tnaline first pulled the cork on a bottle of sweet red dessert wine which had won a gold medal in Western Europe. After a gulp of that he opened a bottle of Moscow vodka, poured us a whopping snort of it on top of the wine and said the Kazakh equivalent of here's how. The canapés, which Tnaline assured me were a delicacy—and before the October Revolution were a privilege reserved only to the rich—were two platters of *kaze*, which is a sort of sausage made of horse meat. On one platter is lean horse meat, and on the other is pure smoked suet derived from specially fed horses.

Kaze is eaten now by 10 million people of Central Asia—Uzbeks, Kazakhs, Kirghiz, Turkmen, Tadzhiks and others. But, despite these impressive statistics, the People's Wife decided she was just a girl who couldn't say neigh. She made a hasty retreat to our quarters, and the next morning we flew off from Alma-Ata dreaming rather longingly of St. Moritz. Not being habitual dreamers we think maybe it was something we ate.

END

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GIANTS

continued from page 17

because of this, managed to stay in or near first place until August. Now, with that phenomenal bunch of rookies one year better, and Jackie Brandt and Bill White back from military service from the start, they might logically be expected to do even better. Even the slight problems which existed around second base and at third seem to be repaired. Rigney feels that Rodgers, fresh from hitting 31 home runs and batting .354 to lead the Pacific Coast League, is ready to play big league shortstop, which will release Spencer for duty at second base. As for Davenport, the Giants know that he is a topflight third baseman, and they do not worry too much about his hitting. For one thing, they really believe that he will hit. If not, they are equally sure that there is enough power in the lineup to carry one man for his glove alone.

But the pitching is, in a word, pitiful, and for the Giants to lose an 11-game winner like Worthington is something like the Braves losing Warren Spahn. A week earlier Ramon Montant had notified Feeney that he wasn't going to report at all. Montant won eight games. This was something like losing Lew Burdette.

The pitching staff, at the moment, consists of Johnny Antonelli, one of the league's very best left-handers; a kid named Mike McCormick who can't help but be good; Jack Sanford; and Stu Miller. Sanford was National League rookie of the year with the Phillies in '57; last year he won but 10 games, and the Phils didn't seem too reluctant to let him go in exchange for Ruben Gomez and Valmy Thomas, the Giants' second-string catcher. As for Miller, who throws at only one speed—slow—he will be a starting pitcher once again simply because the Giants have no one else. Miller does an amazing job with his limited natural ability—he had a remarkable earned run average of 2.47 last year despite a 6-9 record—but he can pitch effectively only every fifth day. The Giants would prefer to use him in relief, but what can you do?

Behind this more or less fearsome foursome there are people like Curt Barclay, who spent most of 1958 at Phoenix getting over a sore arm; Billy Muffett, ace relief man of the Cardinals two years ago but an in-



IN RITUAL OF SPRING, GIANT PLAYERS ASSEMBLE IN THE OUTFIELD, LIFT THEIR ARMS

effective pitcher in '58; Paul Giel, who can't seem to find the plate; Gordon Jones; Joe Shipley; Dom Zanni; and Frank Funk. The very names are enough to leave opposing batters rolling on the ground.

"Sure," says Feeney, "we know we have a pitching problem—although I don't think it's as bad as all that. And we haven't been sitting on our hands. We've been working hard to get it straightened out. We have been talking to a lot of clubs about a right-hand starting pitcher. I guess we need a relief pitcher, a good one, more than anything else, but then,

who doesn't? You just can't get those any more."

Do these efforts, he was asked, include offering one or more of the young phenoms for such a pitcher? Or have the Giants been trying to bait the trap with a lot of junk?

"We have been offering quality, not quantity," Feeney says. "The only trouble is that the other teams seem to want our whole ball club. My gosh, we've got some great kids out there. Look at Wagner. He's another Covington. Absolutely crushes the ball. And Kirkland. He can hit almost as well and is better defensively. And

THE ONE REALLY FIRST-CLASS PITCHER ON SAN FRANCISCO SQUAD IS VETERAN





TOWARD THE PALM TREES AND SUNNY SKIES OF ARIZONA, GROAN AND SLOWLY START TO WORK THEMSELVES INTO SHAPE

White. A proven big league hitter who can do an excellent job at first base. You don't go trading off players like that without getting something in return. And I mean a real good pitcher."

"Some of the deals we have been offered," says Rigney, "are absurd. I don't say this happened, but, as an example, the Braves might offer us a bunch of players no one wants for Jackie Brandt. We say no. What do you want for Brandt, they ask? So we say, well, how about Burdette? The conversation stops. I'm not saying, you understand, that this hap-

pened, or even that we would trade Brandt for Burdette. In fact, I don't think we would trade Brandt or Alou for anybody. And we won't trade any of the others unless we get something in return."

"Actually," says Feeney, "we have been close to making a deal several times. Right on the verge. Then something happens, and it doesn't come off. But we're still working, and things might break any day. Maybe tomorrow, maybe next week. And that's about all I want to say."

It is relatively easy, in looking at what the Giants have to offer and who has the pitching they need, to figure out what some of the deals might be.

The Braves, for example, need a second baseman in the worst possible way—but unless they want Danny O'Connell back, an unlikely supposition, there is no business to be done with the Giants there. However, the Braves could use an outfielder, so... some combination of Kirkland and O'Connell for a pitcher might work.

The Cardinals do not really have pitching to spare, but they are hopeful some of their youngsters might come through, and they do hurt for a left-hand power-hitting outfielder, so the Cardinals might be willing to do business, too. Like Sam Jones—and this makes Card fans shudder—for Wagner or Kirkland, either one capable of hitting more than 30 home runs in Busch Stadium, plus, perhaps,

some lesser San Francisco player.

The Pirates are pretty well set. However, if Dick Stuart keeps dropping baseballs at first base and should Rocky Nelson appear incapable, once again, of hitting major league pitching, who is to say the Pirates wouldn't part with one of their six starters in exchange for Bill White?

And the Pirates might be willing to give up pitching for power and so might the Dodgers, who could always put White at first base and move Gil Hodges to third. And the Reds, who have moved Frank Robinson to first base and installed the flashy rookie, Vada Pinson, in the outfield, can't be certain that all their experiments will work out, either. If not, the Giants have the answer—in exchange for a pitcher, of course.

"It's no good talking to the Cubs," says Rigney. "They have that relief pitcher, Elston, that we like very much—but so do they. And they think that Dale Long at first and those three outfielders will all hit over 20 home runs again. Maybe they will. We'll just have to wait and see."

"That's the point," says Feeney. "The best thing we can do right now is just wait and see. This is the time of year when everyone is optimistic. So if we can just sit tight and refuse to panic we may be able to make a pretty good deal before too long on our terms. Sooner or later, maybe some of these teams will come around looking for us."

END

LEFT-HANDER JOHNNY ANTONELLI



HOCKEY

continued from page 15

flaws in the methodical Soviet system.

Said tough little Ike Hildebrand, onetime sharpshooter of the Cleveland Barons, who coaches and plays for the McFarlands: "If those Russians ever learn to cut in toward the center when they're going in on goal they'll be awful tough. Now they always swing wide to drop the puck into the slot. We know what to expect."

The Canadians grabbed a two-goal lead in the first 12 minutes when Dennis Boucher and Moe Benoit slipped the puck past the acrobatic Nikolai Puchkov in the Soviet cage. With that comfortable lead the Canadians played it easy, dumping the puck into the Soviet goal zone and attempting to keep the fight for possession in the Russian end of the rink. The strategy almost backfired when the fast-skating Soviets threw five men into the attack. Only sensational goaling by Gordie Bell, another ex-pro, who was a standout with Buffalo, turned back the Red tide.

The Russians showed their rigid discipline at the end of the second period. They finally beat Bell, but the referee ruled that the puck had

entered the net after the buzzer had sounded to end the period. It hadn't been heard because of the pandemonium in the rink. The Russians accepted the ruling without a word of protest. Hildebrand made it 3-0 for Canada in the third period, and the Russians obviously were bushed. One of their fine new rookies, Viktor Jakushev, saved them from a shutout with a backhand shot.

After the victory over their traditional Russian rivals, the defeat of the Canadians by Czechoslovakia in the windup on Sunday was strictly anticlimax, because by that time the Czechs were out of the running, thanks to a 4-2 loss to the Americans, who came up with a great game.

All the faults and failures of the Czechs were forgotten by their victory-hungry supporters when the home side whipped Canada 5-3 in a bristling windup to the big show. Canada had the championship practically wrapped up before the face-off, whether they won or lost. If two teams tie in games won and lost, as Canada and Russia did, the victor is the team with the better goal-scoring average in the tournament, which is determined by comparing the total number of goals scored

against all opponents with the total number of goals allowed. Canada scored 21 goals and allowed seven. The Soviet Union scored 20 and allowed 10.

But the Canadians were anxious to preserve their unbeaten record. Trailing 4-3 with two minutes remaining, Coach Ike Hildebrand gambled for a tie by lifting his goalie in favor of a sixth attacker. From a face-off in the Czech zone the puck skidded out to Miroslav Vlach, a rugged Czech forward who had been in Canada's hair all day. Vlach pushed the disc slowly in the direction of the Canadian goal while fans all over the nation held their breath. The puck finally reached and entered the empty cage, and the joyous Czechs danced with glee. The extra goal gave Czechoslovakia third place in the standings, ahead of the U.S. Russia was second and thereby gained the European title.

As the Canadian colors climbed the flagpole, and the usual crowd—close to 15,000—stood at attention for *O Canada*, Promoter Alhorne had visions of a million-dollar gate for the tournament when all returns were in. Nothing like this ever happened in amateur hockey before. **END**



RUSSIANS AND AMERICANS pose amicably together on Czechoslovakian rink during world championships. Russians were sec-

ond to Canada, while U.S. finished fourth, losing third place to Czechoslovakia, whom they had beaten, on scoring averages.

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SOLD AND SERVICED IN AMERICA BY YOUR PONTIAC DEALER

Part I: ALY KHAN
SPORTING PRINCE

BEWARE OF WOMEN AND HORSES

His Highness, Prince Aly Khan, Pakistan's representative at the U.N., has won fame and kept his fortune by defying this old maxim

by JOE DAVID BROWN

AWORN but exceedingly sound bit of advice usually passed on to young men is to be chary of women and horses. Elders sometimes differ as to which of the critters is more unpredictable, but they are united in warning that to woo both at the same time is as dangerous as climbing a fence with a loaded gun and as financially unsound as drawing to an inside straight. Men frequently ignore such advice, of course, but few have done it so spectacularly as His Highness The Prince Aly Khan, an almost frenetically active man of 47, who at present, to the surprise of many people, is Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary, Permanent Representative to the United Nations from Pakistan.

From the age of puberty until almost certainly this very night, Aly Khan's two most ardent interests have been women and horses, though not necessarily always in that order. The results, at least to his way of reckoning, have not been unhappy at all. "All my life," he remarked recently, "I have been a very lucky man."

As far as horses are concerned, this is exceptionally true. As a gentleman jockey Aly has established one of the most impressive amateur racing records of all time by hooting horse more than 100 winners in races all

over the world. He is a four-time winner of the Prix des Lions, one of the oldest races in France for amateur riders. He has won the famed Bar Steeplechase near Aylesbury three times. Three times he has won the French Amateur Derby, and until he was well into his 40s he was a winner in races at Le Tremblay and Chantilly. Just two years ago, though he was 45 and sadly out of condition, he became a four-time winner of the big amateur night race at Longchamp.

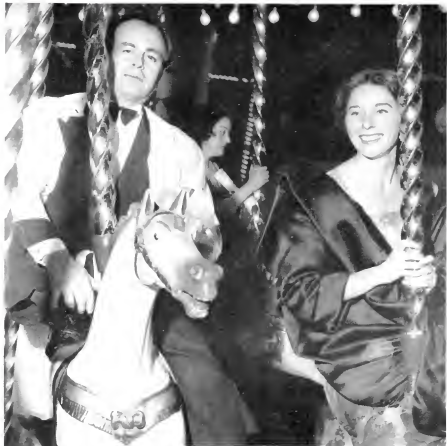
As an owner, breeder and trader of fine horses Aly has been no less successful than as a rider. From his early 20s onward he has displayed an almost Midaslike touch. His father, the late Aga Khan, used to sigh, "Ah, if Aly would only choose his women as well as he does his horses."

In 1946, the Aga proved how much he thought of Aly as a judge of horseflesh by making him a full partner and placing him in charge of his stud farms and racing interests in Ireland and France, which comprised some 3,000 valuable acres, with bloodstock worth upward of \$8 million. When the 79-year-old Aga died in the summer of 1957, he demonstrated how little he had thought of Aly's much-publicized playboy life by naming Aly's 20-year-old son, Karim, as the new Aga Khan and hereditary spiritual leader of an estimated 20 million

Ismaili Moslems scattered throughout the world. At the same time, the shrewd old Aga specified at length and in detail that Aly should remain in complete control of the family's racing interests. Horses have given Aly his one unqualified and well-deserved success in life. And, although he certainly would not starve without the money, they have, in the familiar phrase, brought him fortune.

Women—a somewhat unbelievable array of women, notably dazzling actresses—have brought Aly fame. It may be fame of dubious value, as staid citizens claim, but by present-day standards it usually passes for the gilt-edge article. Whether they care or not, most people who read newspapers have been made aware of Aly's big romances.

Currently the No. 1 equestrienne on his romantic merry-go-round is Bettina, a port and lively Parsian model, who is often described as "the most photographed woman in Europe." But an attractive woman, especially a dazzling actress or model, has always had a pronounced, and sometimes startling, effect on Aly. A young society matron who sat across from him at a dinner recently has been holding friends entranced with an account of her experiences. "Suddenly, he began staring at me," she said, "very intently, not moving his eyes. Then his nostrils began to flare; I swear they did, just like Rudolph Valentino's in the silent movies. I was at a complete loss. What do you do when a man flares his nostrils at you across the table? Flare your nostrils back and treat it as a joke? Or



ALY'S AVOID AFFAIRS are symbolically blended in this carousel photograph with his current flame, Bettina, a Paris model. Picture was made at London party given by the late Mike Todd.

do you just sit there and feel uncomfortable? I'm afraid that's what I did. All through dinner, every time I raised my eyes, he was staring at me and flaring his nostrils. I'm afraid I don't care for him much."

Whether he flared his nostrils at them or not is not known, but a host of beautiful women have cared very much—and very publicly—for Aly. The first major flurry of headlines came when he married his first wife, Joan Yarde-Buller Guinness, the daughter of an English lord, after she was divorced by Member of Parlia-

ment Thomas Loel Guinness, who cited Aly as correspondent. Still later, with word and picture, readers were kept abreast of his around-the-world romance with Actress Rita Hayworth. The journey finally culminated in the biggest, gaudiest wedding ever held on the Riviera or, for that matter, anywhere else. Festivities reached a peak at a reception held after the ceremony at Aly's low, green-shuttered chateau perched near the Mediterranean. While 100 guards held newsmen and photographers at bay on land and a patrol boat did the

same thing to a veritable press navy trying to slip in from the sea, guests happily made their way through 600 bottles of champagne, 50 pounds of caviar and various other luxury goodies. Music was furnished by a squad of violinists and a white-suited jazz band. After Rita had cut the wedding cake, the band struck a chord and a

continued

THE WOMEN IN ALY'S LIFE INCLUDE TWO WIVES...



FIRST WIFE, Mrs. Joan Guinness, married Aly in 1946 after Guinness named him as correspondent.



LISE BOURDIN, French actress, was attracted by Aly's wit, gaiety and "mysterious eyes."

LADY FURNESS reportedly lost Edward VIII to Wallis because of 1934 flirtation with the youthful Aly.

GENE TIERNY nearly became Wife No. 3, but Aga opposed another "movie" marriage.

ALY KHAN *continues*

corps of servants marched to the swimming pool and threw in two massive floral pieces. The first was shaped like an M (for Margarita, Rita's full name) and the other like an A, for the groom.

The old Aga Khan took care to record in his memoirs what he thought of the event: "This was a fantastic semiroyal, semi-Hollywood affair; my wife and I played our part in the ceremony, much as we disapproved of the atmosphere with which it was surrounded."

Even a partial listing of actresses who, correctly or incorrectly, have been romantically linked with Aly by newspapers and columnists would make a sizable international casting directory. After his divorce from Rita he achieved black and breathless headlines with another worldwide romance, this time with Gene Tierney. For a while he saw a great deal of Merle Oberon. Italian papers noted he was dancing with Actress Lea Amanda,

Hollywood's Joan Fontaine appeared regularly at his parties. There were recorded encounters with Actresses Kim Novak and Yvonne de Carlo. The press in Greece noted he was dancing with Actress Irene Papas. In Paris he saw a great deal of Actresses Danièle Delorme and Lise Bourdin.

Asked the secret of Aly's success with women, Mlle. Bourdin told Aly's biographer Gordon Young: "For one thing, he is full of vitality, amusing, witty and loves dancing. His good humor, his gaiety and his sometimes rather caustic humor, always a bit skeptical, are very attractive. Then, his handsome dark eyes give him a slightly mysterious look which is also very intriguing. Perhaps, too, women want to please him just because they feel he is really so difficult to conquer. Aly is a challenge to any girl."

Even an alert press has not been able to keep tabs on all the women Aly has found attractive. Just recently, for instance, Elsa Maxwell,

who is one of Aly's closest friends, heliotedly added a footnote to history by claiming that Aly is the man who caused the King of England to abdicate. "For had he not so enchanted Thelma, Lady Furness, the love of the then Prince of Wales, so that she delayed returning to England," Elsa explained, "His Royal Highness might never have seen enough of my dear friend, the Duchess of Windsor, to fall in love with her."

ALY shows no signs that he is displeased with his reputation as a mid-20th century Collini or Casanova. Once asked if he was annoyed by the ripple of excited curiosity he caused when he walked through the streets of New York, he replied modestly, "Maybe I shouldn't mention it, but it doesn't happen only in New York, you know. It's the same wherever I go—Turin, Paris, Karachi, even in South America. Most people seem to know me. If they don't recognize me, they always look twice, and you can tell they are thinking, 'I've



MARLE OBITON in London and Hollywood got a brief peek from Aly, but no romance resulted.



SECOND WIFE was Rita Hayworth, and their spectacular marriage on the Riviera in 1949 followed an equally spectacular around-the-world courtship.

seen that fellow somewhere before."

Women seem strangely affected by Aly's presence. Perhaps they are only reacting to the reputation and not the man, but exposing him to a group of them promotes as much commotion as dropping a barracuda into a tank of angelfish. It is not only bobbysoxers and autograph hounds who behave this way. When he walks into "21" in New York or Maxim's in Paris just as many female heads swivel as when he crosses the foyer of a Broadway movie palace. The office contingent at United Nations headquarters in New York is about as cosmopolitan and blasé a group of females as ever gathered together under one roof. Yet work came to an ecstatic and shuddering halt on the day last spring when Aly first arrived to present his credentials.

Long before the appointed hour the entire building was in a flap as girls darted in and out of powder rooms, applied new lipstick, hung gape out of windows or elbowed and pushed for a vantage point in the crowded

lobby. When Aly's gleaming Cadillac finally arrived and he stepped out, resplendent in striped pants and black coat with a French Legion of Honor ribbon on his lapel, a mighty chorus of feminine ooohs and aahs echoed through the corridors. Rising above it could be heard a masculine voice demanding querulously and inevitably, "What the hell has he got that I haven't got?"

Many males wonder the same thing when they see Aly for the first time. Although his features are arranged agreeably enough, he is not a strikingly handsome man. Neither is he the idealized answer to a maiden's prayer in other respects. He is on the short side, standing a shade less than 5 feet 6 inches in his sheer French hse, somewhat plumpish at 165 pounds, and his black hair is noticeably thinning in front. Gossip columnists delight in referring to him as an Oriental prince, but the only thing even mildly suggestive of the mysterious East about him—on the surface, at least—is his black eyes. His

voice is slightly high-pitched and he has the accent of an upper-class Englishman. Aly probably is best described as a Latin type, but the one truly remarkable thing about his appearance is that he seems to fit in almost anywhere. As a friend pointed out, "When you see Aly in Karachi in Ismaili dress he looks like a Pakistani. In Paris he looks like a Frenchman. In Rome he could pass for any upper-class Italian. Even here in America Aly doesn't look foreign."

But a factual answer to an average male who really wanted to know what Aly has that he hasn't would be that Aly possesses considerably more of two things. The first, quite obviously, is money—a whacking big packet of money which he inherited from his father, the late Aga Khan. Probably no one will ever know exactly how much the Aga was worth, because he had his investments scattered across dozens of countries, but most financiers agree he was one of the richest men in the world. Although he

continued

... AND A DARLING DAUGHTER



THREE ACTRESSES Irene Papas (above), a Greek star, Yvonne de Carlo (upper right) and Jean Fontaine, attracted Aly in the early '50s. All of them denied serious romantic thoughts, but all of them also agreed that he was "a very nice man" and "not a wolf, as reports have depicted him."



OLD FRIEND Elma Maxwell once wistfully said of Aly: "If I were 40 years younger..."

ALY KHAN *continued*

bypassed Aly as his spiritual heir, the Aga as a devout Moslem could not, even if he had desired, disinherit Aly completely. Under Islamic law a man is forbidden to will away more than one-third of his property from his legal heirs. Even if Aly had received only his legal share of his father's fortune he would be rich beyond the dream of the average man.

Certainly there are only a few people still alive and obedient to the flicking whip of income taxes who can even approach Aly's standard of living. In addition to his large and expensive New York apartment overlooking the East River, he has always awaiting his occupancy a manor house in Ireland just outside Dublin, a great house in the Bois de Boulogne in Paris, a chateau on the French Riviera, a villa on the Normandy coast, and just recently he built another villa on Lake Geneva in Switzerland. He is a lavishly open-handed entertainer who thinks nothing of in-

viding 50 guests to dinner at the most expensive restaurants in New York, London, Paris or Rome. When he arrived to take up his U.N. duties he didn't like the décor of Pakistan House, an imposing mansion just off Fifth Avenue in New York, so he had it completely refurbished at his own expense. His diplomatic receptions and parties are so elaborate that a lively black market in invitations has sprung up in the U.N. Two U.N. plainclothes guards are always on hand to screen guests. He takes a plane to France or Spain for a weekend as casually as most men catch a bus to return home from work. "He's even rich enough," one impressed acquaintance exclaimed, "to ask a woman for a date and then take her to a movie."

Another thing Aly has more of than the average man is energy. It is so excessive as to be abnormal. Although he seldom goes to sleep before 3:30 or 4 o'clock in the morning and habitually arises again at 8:30, no day is long enough for him. He sweeps along at an almost frenzied pace, giving or-

ders over his shoulder to aides and servants who trail breathlessly in his wake, dictating letters in French and English to his two secretaries, but never quite catching up to his appointments. There are not many instances on record of Aly's being completely punctual. This characteristic has not exactly endeared him to his associates and underlings. Said a U.N. aide sourly, "You would think a man of 47 would have learned to schedule his day properly."

Recently some U.N. officials claim to have noticed Aly is making a greater effort to be on time. The turning point may have come when he was invited to be a guest of honor at the U.N. correspondents' annual dinner. Not bound by diplomatic protocol, the newsmen started eating on time and when Aly arrived an hour late, charmingly apologetic as ever, he found the dinner was almost over. He has not been late to another dinner since.

Aly is so accustomed to apologizing for being late that he sometimes does



DANIELLE DELORME is shown here as she appeared in a 1950 French motion picture called *Flirtation libertine*.



KIM NOVAK eyes Aly soulfully at a big Hollywood charity benefit party. They danced often, but Kim later said: "I met him, I've danced with him, but I haven't romanced with him."

ALY AND YASMIN, his daughter by Rita Hayworth, share a delighted reunion in France. Aly has two sons by his first marriage, one of whom succeeded to the title of Aga Khan in 1957.



it automatically even when on time. He has one of the worst cases of telephonitis ever seen outside Hollywood. A secretary or servant usually is holding a telephone for him when he enters the door of his office or home. Usually they are frantically trying to call him back to take another call when he departs. Any session or meal with him is constantly interrupted while he jumps up to take calls which he explains are too important to be ignored. "I have often wondered," said a colleague musingly, "how he fits so many women into his life. Do you suppose he has a special set of earphones?"

ALY's present pace cannot be attributed to his new U.N. job. He has maintained it for years. Even as a youth he seemed almost solemnly determined, as some friends recall, to prove that he could do everything they could do—only faster. He was always at the top of the hunt when he rode to the hounds. In point-to-point races in Ireland and England

he rode with such reckless abandon that his father finally put his foot down and made him confine his riding to flat races. Aly still doesn't see the point in this. "Flat racing in my opinion is just as dangerous as any other kind," he says. "It may be even more dangerous."

Publicity given his other exploits has made most people forget that in the '30s he was a well-known and heavy-footed driver in practically all the big automobile races in France and Italy. He drove in some of the smaller races in Italy up until a couple of years ago, and as recently as 1953 he had his Alfa Romeo entered in the hazardous Mille Miglia when his father stepped in and forbade Aly to drive, using as an excuse that he had not sufficiently acquainted himself with the 7,000 death-dealing curves in the course.

Aly himself is proudest of a sporting achievement which attracted comparatively little attention. In 1932, with two companions, he made the longest civil flight ever to start from

India up to that time—a 10,000-mile round trip from Bombay to Singapore. Flying over the treacherous jungles between those two points even in a modern single-engined plane with no radio would not be relished by most pilots. In those early days of flying it was daring in the extreme. Aly still glows with pleasure when he recalls it. "Now, I hope you understand it correctly," he told a caller recently. "Four planes were supposed to make the trip. Three Leopard Moths and a Puss Moth. I was in the Puss Moth, the only plane to complete the trip. With me in the plane were a Major Vetch, who was the instructor at the Bombay Flying Club, and an assistant editor of *The Times of India*, an old Parsi gentleman who had lost three fortunes and been up only once before when I took him for a short hop over Bombay. But for some reason, probably because he felt he owed it to my father, he was determined to go along with me. It was a very sporting gesture on his part, I must say.

continued

IN SPORTS ALY HAS TRIED ALMOST EVERYTHING



DUKE OF WINDSOR have included a brief fling at sulky driving (he was bored); bowling first ball in a Pakistan-U.S.

cricket game; and daredevil skiing, which had him walking on crutches when he met his father for the Epsom Derby.

ALY KHAN *continued*

"It was fabulous fun. We flew from Bombay to Karachi to Delhi to Calcutta, then across the Bay of Bengal to Akyab and Rangoon, all across Malaya to Penang, Kuala Lumpur and finally reached Singapore. We then flew back again. Naturally we didn't have a radio; most planes didn't in those days, you know, and we were all bundled up in heavy flying gear and wearing goggles. Major Vetch and I took turns at the controls, though at that time I didn't have a flying license and didn't get one until a couple of years later in Cairo."

LIKE most men with sporting instincts and means, Aly has had a go at big game hunting. A list of his trophies, bagged on a dozen safaris to choice localities in Asia and Africa, reads like the inventory of a respectable-size zoo. "I've shot everything considered worth shooting except an elephant," he says, "and I don't intend to kill an elephant." He takes some pride in mentioning that he killed all of his big cats—three lions, seven tigers and some 20 or more leopards and panthers—while on foot and not from the safety of a machan, but it is obvious he does not find shooting as exciting as some sportsmen do. A possible exception might

be the buffalo. He has killed two, and he considers the buffalo the bravest of all animals. "They have wonderful courage and it takes a great deal of skill to hunt them on foot," he says.

Sports to Aly mean speed and danger. The only sporting event he likes to watch is horse racing, which he considers something different and in a class by itself. He has never shown a serious interest in ordinary popular sports. "I've played nearly everything except cricket, but I'm not terribly good at some things," he confesses. "I used to play quite a lot of golf but was only fair, with a handicap of 10 or 12. I'm an indifferent tennis player, though I used to play regularly for the exercise. I've always swum a lot and I still manage to take a swim almost every day. It's a grand exercise."

A few years ago when advancing years and increasing weight made it evident that his career as a gentleman jockey was coming to a close, Aly took a whirl at driving in the trotting races at Vincennes, outside of Paris. He made a respectable showing, but his interest soon waned. "I didn't find it very exciting," he said recently. "I think I would like it much better if the horses didn't trot but galloped as in a flat race—you know, like a chariot race, rushing around the track as fast as your horse could go."

"But wouldn't that be extremely dangerous?" an aide asked.

Aly shrugged. "It would be exciting."

There is some evidence that Aly's headlong pace grows even faster when he is under a strain or hored. In the winter of 1949 he and Rita Hayworth took a chalet in Switzerland while awaiting the birth of their daughter, Yasmin. Over a period of several months, before and after the event, during which Rita was unable to accompany him on his dizzy whirl, Aly showed increasing signs of restlessness. "I've been around this place too damned long," he complained to friends. "I'm hored stiff." To burn off some of his excess energy, he took to haunting the ski slopes of Gstaad. He had always been something of a daredevil skier and had broken his leg twice. Now he became a demon on the trails.

"He seemed determined to break his neck," recalls an acquaintance. Aly did almost that. He took a nasty fall and broke his right leg in seven places. It was many weeks before he was up and hobbling around on two sticks, his leg still in a cast. "I guess I'm being paid out for all my sins," he grinningly told reporters. Even now only a few people know what a mess he made of the bones and tissues in his leg. "For a long time the doctors didn't think they would be able



Illustration by Joe Ben-El-Mechaie

The Quick Ex-Champ

**Always the winner, he is the wonderfully glib—but now
dissipated—sport of yore whose stock in trade is plenty
of bravado and at least one great contest in his past**

THERE is something to be said for being able to win today, but for me there is nothing quite like having won in the past and being now retired from competition. If you are still playing, your reputation is always in doubt. But no one is more imposing than a sport resting on his laurels, adding new incidents to the legends about him.

I have become very proficient at the fine art of polishing my legend, and I offer you the fruits of my experience. Briefly, gentlemen, I have heard the crowd roar: for me!

Maybe not in the Yankee Stadium. Nor at Forest Hills. But I have beat the game, and on occasion, the resident champion. I am an ex-champ at golf, tennis and baseball. And I've run up an endurance record of some sort at chess. What the championship value of the chess match was, I'll leave to you. The point is: I glow with eminence in sports discussions and at matches. My counsel is sought. While others sweat, I comment; usually acridly. And all because I had sense enough to reach a peak and quit.

The kind of champ I am is a Quick Ex-Champ. To pause for definition, a Quick Ex-Champ is he who has played the game against good odds and has attained the equivalent of the football heroic of running 90 yards for the winning touchdown in the last minute of play. Accomplish the feat once, and you're a champ. Quit then, and you retire undefeated. Anything else will be an anticlimax.

I would like to pretend I was smart enough to have discovered the Quick Ex-Champ gimmick myself. But I wasn't. I was taught it inadvertently by a caddy. To him I owe everything.

When I was 13, I lived in Atlanta,

the home of Bobby Jones, where nine out of ten fathers still believe they can make their sons golf champions. Mine was one such father. And it was thus that I came to the public course in Piedmont Park.

On my first round, I shot nine holes in 175. With a billiard cue I could have done better. The course was rough and in all I played only eight games of golf. The eighth round of 18 holes I shot in 72. I finished amid a respectful silence. As we came back to the clubhouse, the caddy, a good five years my senior, trudged thoughtfully beside me. "Son," he said presently, "if I was you, I'd quit golf today. I'd stand pat."

SOME SAGE ADVICE

I asked him why. "Well," he said, "you just ain't this good a golfer. Trying to do this again, you'll spend a million bucks and drive yourself to drink."

Whether at 13 I would have had the sense to take his advice on my own volition, I don't know. But fate stepped in. On the second tee of the ninth round my partner borrowed my driver and broke it. Malice, I expect. I had no brassie. And I couldn't see going on with no artillery bigger than a spoon. So I turned to tennis.

The Piedmont Driving Club, where I took up tennis, probably boasted as high an average of tennis quality as you'll find anywhere in the country. Bitsy Grant worked out there, when he wasn't playing Davis Cup matches or knocking off national clay court championships. So did a lot of state, tristate and southeastern title holders. In this swift competition I thought I was pretty punk.

But I loved the game, and wher-

ever I went I tried to get somebody to play. In the fifth summer of my tennis career I went to Grove Park Inn in Asheville, where I went down to the tennis courts. Everybody was in swimming in the pool. I challenged just anybody to a game but the only person who would listen to me was a boy who must have been all of 7. He was one of those tow-headed, eager kids who remind you more of an ancient veteran, say, who fixes you with a beady eye and wants to know if you, too, were on San Juan Hill with Teddy Roosevelt. "You really any good at tennis?" he asked me. "You're tall enough. You really any good?"

"Terrific," I told him, trying to avoid his gaze. That was enough. The kid rushed off. With many gestures he explained to a group of young men how really tough I was. Presently a stocky giant hove himself from the pool, dried himself, approached formidably and said: "Hang around till I get a racket."

As I was about to serve, the kid came up behind me and said with great glee, "He's the Middle Atlantic States Prep Champion," and retired to a bench absolutely convulsed.

The next thing I knew the games were 2-5 against me. We were playing a long court game: base line to base line. Suddenly the champ gave me one at net. I went up and took it. Because I didn't know how to get back strategically, I had to stay up front. That was when I found the champ didn't have a net game.

It was not for nothing that I had spent hours watching Bitsy Grant. For the next two hours I went to net and blasted my man off the court. I don't think even the champ was

continued

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QUICK EX-CHAMP continued

as surprised as I was at the final score:
7-5, 6-0, 6-2.

I now gave up tennis and com-
menced to speak authoritatively of
my championship games at Grove
Park Inn. "Only the press of busi-
ness," I insisted, forced me to give up
the game. "But now, if you'd like me
to give you a few tips on the back-
hand—shame we have no racket—
but you put your feet this way."

In later years I found tennis had
improved my ability to hit a baseball.
I couldn't imagine of what use this
would be other than to remind me
that in my sandlot days I was proba-
bly the worst player who ever put
on a glove. Then came the war and a
baseball game between the officers
and the civilian personnel in the gov-
ernment office where I worked. All of
us worked a six-day week, but the of-
ficers had an exercise afternoon each
Thursday when they went off to a
post and played baseball. The only
exercise we civilians got was hoisting
one at the local bar after sundown.

The officers arranged the game be-
cause they had grown cocky about
their baseball. It was hard to believe
they wouldn't kill us. The team we
fielded was a pathetic sight: slow,
short of wind and as saggy of paunch
as a parade of old elephants.

All we had was one guy who had
pitched semipro ball in Denver. In
the fifth they found him for two runs,
and in the next two for five more.

Through some miracle we got four
runs in the sixth, and we came into
the last of the seventh trailing by only
three runs. The officers were so con-
fident as we came to bat, they did an
imprudent thing. They changed
pitchers. They put in a man who was
green and cold. Warming up, he
walked our first man, and our second
man got a single and scared him into
walking our third man. Then, with
the bases loaded, our fourth man
popped out, our fifth struck out and
I strode timorously to bat.

This, I said to myself, is going to
make one sorry finish to what could
have been a nice afternoon, and I
fanned at the first pitch. After that I
took two balls and fouled a second
strike. I drew a third ball. Then the
pitcher and I stood there and looked
at each other. Sweat rolled down my
legs, and from the way he scratched,
I knew sweat rolled down his legs,
too. Hopefully he looked toward the
senior officer, pleading to be pulled.
The officer shook his head.

Sadly the pitcher wound up and threw. He threw a beauty. All afternoon I had been putting enough power behind every swing to have lifted a 50-pound anvil six feet, and I'd done little more than foul. But this time I connected, and I mean connected.

SWEET SOUND OF SUCCESS

I could tell by the sound and the feel it was right. When it passed the guy way out in left field, it was still going up, headed for the next county.

There was no question about going on with baseball. If a man ever had found the right time to quit a game, I had.

Since then, during the World Series, I often refer to that game. Naturally I give it somewhat more tone and importance than it had. "Ah yes," I say, when somebody whacks one over the fence with the bases loaded, "when I played against Army, I won a game that way."

After baseball it seemed unnecessary to become a Quick Ex-Champ at anything else. I had reached the age at which I could blame quitting on dissipation. Everybody understands intimations of riotous living and respects you for it. But by accident I happened onto a game of chess. Now chess is a dangerous game to fool around with. There is practically no luck involved in it. And people can challenge you for years.

The only dishonest way to face up to it is to accept a chess challenge by disclaiming any but the most rudimentary knowledge of the game. "Very rusty. Haven't played in ages," is the way you say it.

My great game began innocently with a chap explaining how often he beat a weathered British colonel in Kowloon. "No other man in the officers' club would play him," he said. "He was too good."

Prepared for trouble at once, I cautiously opened with: P-K4, Ki-

B3. "Ah," said my opponent, "the Ray Lopez!"

Now while that is the beginning of the Ray Lopez gambit, all right, it is also the beginning of a good many others. I couldn't tell whether the man knew little or was giving me some one-upmanship.

I played carefully but not very gently. The only chess I know is the wade-in-and-slaughter type. No art; lots of carnage. But none of that for my opponent. Scrupulously and regularly he counted our relative losses, as if to suggest: "Now I'm ahead by a knight, I can really afford to be ruthless!"

Yet he wasn't. And to my surprise I won the game. Undisturbed, he chuckled indulgently. "Pure luck," he said. "I've never seen such an awkward game as you play." So we played another and I won that and another and I won it, too. The man grew distressed and he took pains to explain how really wretched my game was. Against so much artlessness I thought he'd soon want to quit. But he didn't. We played until 4 a.m., by which time I'd won eight games and drawn one.

The next morning he was down before I was. He wouldn't even wait until we'd had coffee to play again. We played before coffee, during breakfast and until he left at 2 p.m. The final score was 14 games for me, one for him and two draws.

I was too numb to be elated. And I'm still wondering about that colonel in Kowloon. May I believe him and claim a Quick Ex-Championship? Or should I risk my reputation further? After all, a man who glows with fine achievement in so many fields must proceed with care. When he is telling about beating the Army to a group of avid admirers, he can't afford to have some spoilsport ask:

"How's your chess?"

I think I'll forget chess.

—EDWIN A. PREPPLER

AND I DIDN'T EVEN BAIT MY HOOK!



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Joe Crawford

Muscling In on the Arts

Most of the men and one of the ladies on this and the following pages earned fame as athletes, but neither their talents nor ambitions stopped there. Lured perhaps by the familiar tumult of the crowd, the glare of baby-blue spotlights or, even, money, they each at one time in their careers abandoned the comparative safety of the arena for the notorious vagaries of show biz and No. 5 pancake makeup. Can you name the performers and the play or movie in which they are shown here? For the answers, see below.



1 OLD HAND IN A NEW FIELD



2 THE SULTAN AND THE SIREN

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2 GAWD AND GORGEOUS



7 ALL THIS AND BIG FEET TOO



4 THE MILLIONAIRE'S BEST FRIEND



8 HOME AND THE BRAVE



5 THE GENTLEMAN HAD A CAT



6 PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD



6 HE WAS USED TO GLITCHES

THE ANSWERS

1. **Burton Oldfield** in Warner Bros.' *The First Auto*, 1927.
2. **Babe Ruth** and **Anna Q. Nilsson** in film *Babe Ruth's Come-Home*, 1927.
3. **French Boxer Georges Carpentier** in *The Gypsy Carlier*, circa 1930.
4. **Lou Nova** with **Walter Pidgeon** in *The Happiest Millionaire*, 1936.
5. **James J. Corbett** in Universal's serial, *The Midnight Men*, 1919.
6. **Jack Dempsey** and **Jesse Sedgwick** in the *Fight and Win* series, 1925.
7. **Primo Carnera** with **Audrey Dalton** in *Caesar's Big Night*, 1934.
8. **Eleanor Holm** and **Glenn Morris** in *Tarnished Romance*, 1933.
9. **Max Baer**, **Myrna Loy** in *The Firefighter and the Lady*, 1937.

how submariners keep trim at forty fathoms



How about a "Relax" suggested Fleming, Gordon and myself as we got straight the problem they had come. From come a commoner's little "good play" it (Age is not to be considered).

A number of Medical Officers in the Submarine Force were familiar with the Relax A color. Through their wives, one day at home the Medical Officer of the Seawolf watched his wife going into the bathroom as usual, and he found it difficult to keep his eyes on her. He found that his eyes were not working as well as they should. That is how Relax A color was used.

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Results of the clinical experiment conducted aboard the USS SEAWOLF, Aug. 7 to Oct. 6, 1938, as reported by the Medical Officer.

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Music and fun in the children's ward
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One "Youth Gang" we need more of...

Rock 'n rollers? That's right. Rock 'n rollers in a children's hospital.

The three "gang members" are Junior Red Cross members who've taken an afternoon of their time to go to the hospital and entertain some little crippled kids. Reassuring, isn't it?

They do things like this all the time. Regularly. Girls and boys.

20 million of our sons and daughters make up Junior Red Cross—the largest youth organization in the country. Junior members take part in every one of the Red Cross service programs that

young people can help to carry on.

When disasters hit, Junior Red Cross volunteers help in many ways—as messengers, typists, canteen workers, information clerks. Many Junior Red Cross members have served with real distinction in disaster emergencies.

Through the Gift Box Program in their schools, Juniors send relief supplies to children overseas. Like all Junior Red Cross activities, this program is financed entirely by the Juniors themselves.

Friendship between children all over the world is fostered by the

Junior Red Cross correspondence-album and art programs.

Junior Red Cross is at work every day, helping to build a strong, decent, responsible young America.

These are kids we don't have to worry about. Let's be sure they know they can depend on us.



On the job when you need it most



SUCCESSFUL VENTURES have included a distinguished career as an amateur jockey (above), leading a field of gentlemen riders



at Le Touquet; and, some years ago, in motor racing. Ali is shown at right at the wheel of his BMW sports coupé.

to save it," Ali admitted not long ago. "It was touch and go."

What gives Ali his unusual propulsion? Nowadays, when even film critics consider themselves qualified psychoanalysts, it is generally held that the answer can be found in his childhood. Hereditarians, if they were so inclined, could just as plausibly point to his ancestry. On the male side Ali claims direct descent from the Prophet Mohammed through his daughter Fatima and her husband Ali, as well as descent from the Fatimite Caliphs of Egypt and a long line of Persian noblemen. The exploits of some of these old noblemen make Ali's seem piddling by comparison. A notable and fairly recent example was Ali's great-grandfather, a colorful, dashing and extremely virile gentleman named Hasan Ali Shah. Among a vast retinue, Hasan had a well-mounted cavalry troop of 800 men, and he is claimed to have sired every one of them. He was the first Aga Khan, a title meaning Lord Chief and Viceroy, which he acquired when the Shah of Persia made him ruler of the rich province of Kerman. More important, because of his alleged direct descent from the Prophet, Mohammed Hasan was the 45th hereditary Imam—or spiritual chief—of the Ismailis. The Ismailis are a sect of the Shia Moslems, the smaller of two branches of Islam which were created

when there was a schism in the ranks of the faithful after the death of the Prophet. The break occurred when the minority group, which became the Shias, thought the Prophet's son-in-law Ali should have been chosen to succeed him. The majority group, later to be called the Sunnis, preferred one Abu Bakr, Mohammed's father-in-law. Thus history repeated itself after a fashion some 1,300 years later when the present Ali also found himself passed over, though the family titles continued in a direct line by going to his older son, and so far there has been no organized protest because Ali was bypassed.

THE first Aga Khan eventually lost favor with the Shah and he and his followers fled to India and settled in Bombay and Poona. There the Aga became a firm friend and trusted servant of the British and lived out a long life of peace and luxury, surrounded by numerous retainers and progeny. His own son survived him only a few years, and in 1885—when he was only 8—Ali's father succeeded to the two titles of Aga Khan and Imam of the Ismailis.

A surprising number of people have only the foggiest notion of what the late Aga Khan was really like. Probably it is because he was the victim of what surely must rate as the worst

public relations blunder in history when he allowed his zealous and well-meaning followers to revive an old Oriental custom and weigh him against gold, diamonds and platinum to mark those respective anniversaries of his long reign. Because of these ostentatious affairs most people remember the Aga as a myopic and corpulent old character, wearing what looked like fancy lodge regalia, sitting on a scale while his followers lugged up precious stones or bullion to lift his bulk.

Actually, the Aga was an erudite, witty, worldly-wise hut also—according to the tenets of his particular Islamic sect—deeply religious old gentleman. If for no other reason, he deserves some niche in history because he lived to be almost 80 and said he had never been bored in his life. The weighings gave rise to all sorts of fantastic tales about the Aga, including a particularly durable one that he bottled his bath water and sold it to his followers. It is almost forgotten that the Aga did yeoman service in the old League of Nations, served as its president in 1937 and for more than a half century carried out many delicate and difficult missions for the British in the Middle East and Asia. It was in large part because of his canny maneuvering that the countries of the Middle East remained

continued

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ALY KHAN *continued*

loyal to the Allies in World War I.

The Aga also was something of a financial genius. He never considered that his title of Imam meant merely that he was supposed to give spiritual counsel to his flock. He also looked after their well-being. It was by his edict that the Ismailis were the first Moslem sect to abolish the veil and free women from purdah. He established community funds which he invested with such shrewdness that today the Ismailis are the best-fed, best-housed and best-educated Moslem sect in the world. Even the ill-considered weighings served a purpose. The gold, diamonds and platinum used were only borrowed or hired. After the ceremony they were returned, and the equivalent in cash was paid, not to the Aga, but into various welfare and educational funds established to aid the Ismaili community as a whole. The Ismailis supported the Aga, of course, and he looked after his personal fortune as cleverly as he did theirs. Toward the end of his 71-year reign he had grown so enormously rich that he probably donated more to the Ismailis than he received.

The Aga married a cousin, a dark-eyed Indian princess named Shahzadi, when he was only 20. It was not a happy marriage, and they soon drifted apart. Eleven years later, by which time the Aga had become a familiar figure in the capitals of Europe, he married Theresa Magliano, a slim, beautiful and brunette ballerina of the Ballet Opéra of Monte Carlo. Begum Theresa was Italian, and although she was only 19 at the time of her marriage she already had won acclaim in the ballet at La Scala in Milan and at the Opera House in Paris. She was the mother of Aly Khan.

Aly was not his parents' first child. A year after their marriage the young begum had a son who was named Mohadi. He was a sickly baby and lived for only two years. It was a tragedy which had a profound effect on Aly's upbringing. It may, as some people believe, account for some of his actions today.

NEXT WEEK

In Part II Joe David Brown tells the story of Aly's childhood, his clairvoyant skill at choosing great Thoroughbreds, and his new life as a diplomat

19TH HOLE *The readers take over*

SPORTING LOOK: AGONY AND ACQUISITION

Sirs:

Having read your magazine for the past several years with enjoyment and pleasure, it bothers me to see the amount of fashion and clothing articles that are being run lately.

In the March 9th issue I counted approximately 40 full pages of sports stories and pictures. I also counted 15 full pages of fashion stories and pictures. For a sports magazine, aren't you printing too much of this type of article?

JACK F. HENSLEY

Honesdale, Pa.

Sirs:

Perhaps we could call the magazine "60% SPORTS ILLUSTRATED."

J. C. LEDOUX, USN

Port Hueneme, Calif.

Sirs:

You are making me very unhappy.

LOYD M. HEAD

Jackson, Mich.

Sirs:

Hope you'll change.

ED ARNOLD

Burlingame, Calif.

Sirs:

I want sports, not shorts.

FRANK A. GANER

Bala-Cynwyd, Pa.

Sirs:

Why don't you change your name?

BILL GRAHAM

Houston

Sirs:

We remain faithful, but disappointed.

LYLE DAVIS

PETE STEVENS

BOB KASER

Windsor, Conn.

Sirs:

Now please don't prostitute the word "sports" any further—let's draw the line somewhere.

JULIAN ERSBERG

Everston, Ill.

Sirs:

Have the Madison Avenue boys taken over the sports world too?

LESTER G. GOTTILIER

JEFFREY M. GOTTILIER

Van Nuys, Calif.

Sirs:

There is no magazine devoted to a general coverage of sports. There once was. It was called SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

ALLEN H. DEWEES

Riverton, Wyo.

Sirs:

As one who thinks that dressing up is part of the fun, I like your occasional sports clothes presentations, especially those given well in advance of the season. So where can I buy the district ducks?

EARL SMITH

Omaha

Sirs:

Please tell me where I can get the neck-muffling cashmere sweater.

MRS. WILLIAM E. PATULLO

Anaconda, Mont.

Sirs:

You have a picture of a green blazer that I am very interested in.

JOHN K. NORMAN

Oklahoma City

Sirs:

Could you advise me where the plaid sport shorts may be obtained?

BILL FOX JR.

Indianapolis

Sirs:

Where can I get the new swimwear for college vacations?

TED GRIGG

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sirs:

I would like to purchase a rape, and the rain suit, designed for men and women. Also the new short coats for scooter.

MAYNARD H. WHITE, USA

Fort Riley, Kans.

Sirs:

Please tell me where I can buy the Thomas Begg grouse helmet shown.

MRS. W. H. TINSMAN

Trout Run, Pa.

Sirs:

Where can I find the green-and-white-plaid golf bag?

W. E. CARROLL JR.

Dalton, Ga.

Sirs:

I wish to make inquiries with regard to the plus fours.

JOSEPHINE L. TOMES

Great Falls, Mont.

● Long before Vol. 1, No. 1 of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED was published it was set forth in a working prospectus that "the most cursory look reveals that dressing for sports, watching or participating, is important. This will be the concern of the SPORTING LOOK department." The SPORTING LOOK story which is referred to in the letters above is *The Quarterly Sporting Look Preview* for spring which appeared in

the March 9 issue. Each quarter—spring, summer, fall and winter—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's SPORTING LOOK department will make a thorough survey of designers, manufacturers and retailers of sports clothing for men and women and select in advance of the season those items of apparel that are new and choice so that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED readers will have an exclusive preview of the upcoming season.

Messrs. Smith, Norman and the scores of others who have written to us for where-to-buy information will hear from us by mail.—ED.

NOTRE DAME: SPIRIT AND BALANCE

Sirs:

Those ill-informed critics who insist on attacking Notre Dame as a football factory might be interested in some of the school's recent achievements in other fields. In a national debate tournament the Irish debaters swept to victory in a field of 42 teams, including squads from several of the Ivy League colleges, the Big Ten, the military academies and private schools. Sunday afternoon, on the nationally televised *College Bowl* program, a fast-moving intellectual battle testing knowledge in all fields, a Georgetown University team with Princeton and Columbia numbered among its opponents was trounced 205-96 by Notre Dame.

The traditional Notre Dame-school spirit showed itself as the student body turned out en masse to greet their returning scholars.

JOHN HUGHES

Notre Dame, Ind.

SET 'EM UP

Sirs:

The reader response to *What Baseball Needs* was surprising, to say the least (19TH HOLE, 81, March 9). Could be we grease baseball fans just don't have many letter writers among us.

At least half the fun of baseball is second-guessing the manager, and as for worrying about the Mayos and Mantles being inhibited by their managers—that is hogwash.

Every ball team has at least one and usually two power hitters who never do anything but hit away. The manager's function is to move the other seven men around as efficiently as possible.

This is basic baseball, and you guys know it. However, tongue in cheek, you sure stirred up a controversy.

JAMES A. DILLON

Philadelphia

continued

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Is your son the "man" you want him to be?

Ques—your son is a normal, healthy, provided
he has that characteristic between ages 10 and 18 he
will make a man of choice that will affect his
character for the rest of his life. Will be strong
with qualities of courage and leadership that
others respect or will be content to "bury
himself in the crowd?"

Many fathers have given their 10 to 18 year old
sons guidance to developing confidence and leadership
by enrolling them in the Program at the National
Sports Council. This Program which is open to all
youths (not only to "man" at home with the Coach's
staff of sports champions) MICKY MARTLE will
develop your son's character and his character. In fact,
his, and his team. This course will show him the
virtues of teamwork and teamwork. DONALD WALKER
from personal experience to teach sportsmanship and
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And learn JOE SCHWARTZ your son will learn how to
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18TH HOLE continued

ON TO HOLMENKOLLEN

Sirs:

Your article on *The Surprising American* (31, March 16) was extremely interesting.

The young ski jumper Gene Kotlarek, pictured in your magazine, is a full-blooded Minnesotan from Duluth and not a Michigan youngster as stated in your article. Also, Gene wasn't only "every bit as impressive in flight" as Karhunen—he was better! His second jump in style and distance points together was the best leap of the tournament. Gene and six other youngsters of the Duluth Ski Club were sent on a 5,000-mile ski competition tour, expenses for which were covered by contributions of local ski enthusiasts. After Gene's outstanding performance a spirited group of American skiers, led by George Horland Jr., initiated a drive to raise money for Gene's trip to the coveted Holmenkollen tournament in Norway (31, March 11, '57). Necessary funds were raised within a day, and Gene is presently in Norway competing and gaining valuable experience for the 1960 Olympic Games.

PAUL VESTERSTERN

Duluth, Minn.

TENNIS IN THE RIGHT FURROW

Sirs:

Could you tell me the derivation of the use of the word "seed" for the classification of favored competitors in tennis?

FREDERICK R. JOHNSON

N. Hollywood, Calif.

● The *Dictionary of Americanisms* cites the first appearance of this definition in Webster's 1909 first edition of the *New International Dictionary of the English Language*. The dictionary is published by the G. & C. Merriam Company of Springfield, Mass., and the editor opines that "there is no positive evidence of how 'seed' became a sports term. It seems a reasonable surmise that it was originally a metaphor based on the planting of seeds in a plot of ground: as seeds are placed at a certain distance from each other so as not to rob each other of nourishment, the best players are scattered so as not to eliminate one another too early." According to Mr. Fisher of the Eastern Lawn Tennis Association Library, the seeding regulation was first put into effect in the U.S. at the February 1923 meeting of the USLTA. In reporting a 1924 tennis tournament *The London Times* stated "... this year for the first time the draw has been seeded." And James Van Allen, president of the Tennis Hall of Fame, recalls "that in the early days of lawn tennis competition the draw was catch-as-catch-can. It was possible for all the top players to be in one half of the draw, which could easily kill interest in the semifinal and final matches. Someone had the idea of placing the top play-

ers in different quarters. 'Placing' sounded too exact and 'planting' had a Machiavellian ring to it. The word 'seeding' seemed to fit the bill—in the right furrow, but not every grain in an exact location."—ED.

SAILING—LONG ISLAND SOUND TO LAKE SAKAJAWLA

Sirs:

I would like to express my appreciation for the magnificent job you have done on sailing during the past five years which, to me as a small-boat skipper, culminated in your articles by Bill Cox on small-boat tuning and handling (*Master of Small Boat Sailing*, 31, Feb. 23, March 2).

These two articles contained more valuable and interesting information on the subject than most books for both novice and veteran. The illustrations in particular were superb, the best I have ever seen.

WILLIAM V. PERKIE

San Diego

Sirs:

Sportsmen of this area are very pleased.

WILLIAM G. CHAMBERS

Bradenton, Fla.

Sirs:

As you probably know, Manhasset Bay is one of the most active yachting areas on Long Island Sound. Each of the yacht clubs on the bay has a large sailing program for both children and adults, and the *Lightning* is the most popular boat of all of the sailing classes.

JANET D. STREUER

Port Washington, N.Y.

Sirs:

Is it February or June!

Boating so soon?

GLENDA DOER

Everton, Ill.

● For the sailor it is always June. See below.—ED.

Sirs:

The articles gave a shot in the arm to all of us small-boat sailors who are anxiously waiting for spring's thaw. Reading about sailing, while it is not as invigorating as a fresh breeze in the sails, is a vicarious and satisfying enjoyment.

BILL BROENSKOW

Kennewick, Wash.

Sirs:

I would appreciate very much getting the name and address of a company that sells boat kits and plans for a sailboat in the *Lightning* class.

We have a new man-made lake in North Dakota, Lake Sakajawla, backed up on the Missouri River behind the Garrison Dam, with a 1,200-mile coastline. Great for a sailboat.

E. M. ARNTSON

New Rockford, N. Dak.

● The best source for Mr. Arntson is Miss Margaret Teske, Executive Secretary of the *Lightning* Class Association, 308 Center St., South Haven, Mich.—ED.

Sir:

Babe McCarthy, the oil-salesman-basketball-coach of Mississippi State (Bourgeois for Babe and his Bailey, St. Feb. 23), is a brave man indeed. He has to be to dare to try a zone defense on his home court where the opposition some night may just decide to play catch at mid-court while the home fans give it all up as a bum rap and flock to the box offices to get their money back.

Those who follow the game closely have come to realize all too clearly over the past several seasons that the rulemakers and referees are favoring the zone even more than they have in the past.

Somewhat officials constantly fail to detect the pumping-in foul, the zone front and corner defenders make on flinching outside shooters, even when they turn their backs on the process. Zone players also can pinch all they want near the hoop, even though the driver's path to the basket is clearly defined.

On the other hand, officials are quick to detect the slap and brush foul, man-to-man play is sure to cause.

In Minnesota, which prides itself as a basketball hotbed, the majority of schools play zones. Officials call it close in the tournaments. This helps the zones. In general, the state champion is the team playing a zone. They generally win because they have five boys 6 feet 5 inches.

Yet there is in Brainerd (pop. 13,000) a man named Fred Kelleit who has taken first, second and third in the state tournament since 1951 and has enjoyed a winning record of 80% in his 10-year coaching career here, including tournaments.

In 1949 he appeared on the scene and promptly led his first club to the state tourney, ending a 15-year drought and starting to arouse the fans' interest once more. Brainerd is now recognized as a basketball stronghold. Its gym nearly always is packed (2,500 capacity), and its fans follow the team well and give every other neighboring school a packed house.

The zone nearly killed the sport here. Kelleit's man-to-man has brought it back to the point where it pays the freight in this school for many sports, including football, wrestling, baseball and track.

Says Kelleit, "I won't slow down my boys with a zone." His boys are in demand, many of them making college varsities as freshmen, including Jim Smith at Kansas State and Billy Selbaker at Hamline. It took time, patience and dedication to turn out boys like these. To Kelleit and the other man-to-man coaches, I say, "Keep battling!"

JIM WALLACE

Brainerd, Minn.

• Proponents and detractors of the zone defense will never tire of the debate. And these days many teams play a defense combining the best or worst features of both. Often, an expert viewer has difficulty determining just what type of defense he's watching. Perhaps that's the best argument for the zone—it allows for variety in the game. Besides, a well-coached team should have no trouble circumventing a zone defense.—ED.

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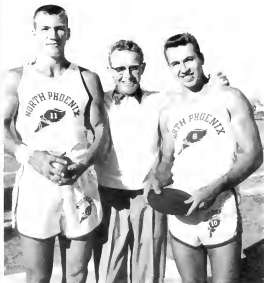
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Pat on the Back

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VERNON WOLFE

'It's mind over matter'

One of the oddities of the sporting scene is that periodically one small community will produce a long string of outstanding athletes. In a Phoenix, Ariz. high school a small, sandy-haired man has been turning out some of the ablest young pole-vaulters and weight men in U.S. track. He is Vernon Wolfe, an ex-paratrooper and a transplanted Californian and very likely the most successful high school track coach in the country.

Wolfe arrived at North Phoenix High, a school that draws boys only from its own district, in 1954. In 1957 he produced Jim Brewer, the only

high school pole-vaulter to clear 15 feet. The following year came Dallas Long, potentially the greatest shot-putter in the world. This year Wolfe has Karl Johnstone (*above right*), who recently shattered the listed high school discus record with a sling of 184 feet 11 1/2 inches, and 15-year-old Wayne Coleman (*above left*), an outstanding prospect to improve the high school decathlon mark. For bringing along youngsters like these Wolfe has a double prescription: psychology and weight lifting. "If you believe you can do it," says Wolfe, "most of the time you can. It's mind over matter."

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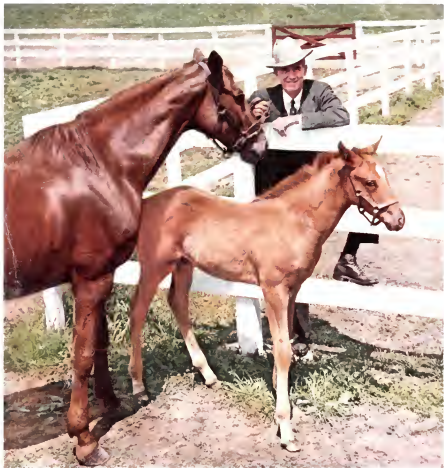
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